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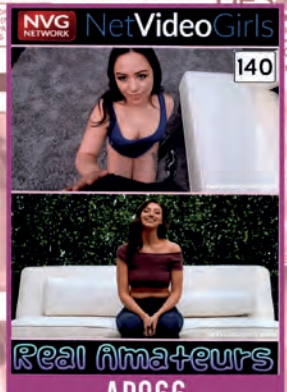

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THE NAME YOU CAN TRUST

Any time a magazine gets a new editor, they come in promising improvements left, right and centre. Well, *Club* wasn't broke, so what's to fix? It's already bringing you the best girls in the world, and the only thing left for us to do is to scour the Moon and Mars for even hotter babes. We did and we returned with a bunch of cheese (the former) and possible water particles (the latter). Not exactly something you can base the world's best scud mag around, is it? No, we'll keep with Earth for the time being. Sure beats Uranus – The Ed. ♣

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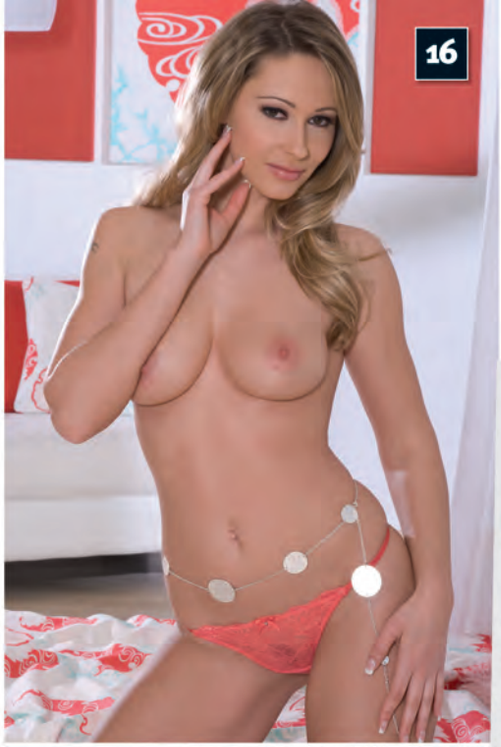

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LETTERS TO THE LOUNGE

Send your letters to: The Editor, Club International, The Lounge Suite, 3rd Floor, 207 Old Street, London EC1V 9NR or email *clubint@paulraymond.com*. Best letter published every month gets £50

SALON SLUTS

Even though there's a recession going on, I decided to save up some extra money to get my hair cut and my toes polished last Saturday afternoon. Little did I know that I was about to get more bang for my buck, literally (well, not literally, but it sounds better than 'bang for my pound') than I ever could have predicted. I arrived a few minutes early to my appointment and was extremely happy at the welcome I received.

As soon as I walked into the salon, everybody began flirting with me. The receptionist tucked my hair behind my ear when I checked in, the shampoo girl was rubbing her crutch against the side of my face as she lathered my hair, and finally the stylist, Katrina, unbuttoned her blouse as I sat down in her chair. At first I just assumed they were really grateful for my business, but what happened next was more than just good customer service.

"You look really sexy in that skirt," Katrina said while massaging my scalp. I looked at her in the mirror and smiled. As she continued to work on me, I could feel her pushing her tits against my back and could see a hint of her black lace bra curving around her big tits.

"Do you like what you see?" she asked. For a moment I wasn't sure if she was talking about her gorgeous boobs or the style she was creating with my hair. Both were out of this fucking world. I smiled again and nodded my head. This time, however, I got her attention in the mirror by unbuttoning my blouse just a bit to let her know I wanted to play. She gave me a wink and the game was set.

As she finished styling my hair, Rachel, the pedicure technician (I know, it's a posh name for someone who paints your toenails), brought her files and polish over to my chair. She gave Katrina a gentle kiss on the lips before parking herself between my legs.

I rested my feet against the top of her thighs as she rubbed lotion up my calves and kept going. By now I was feeling very horny and extremely wet.

"Keep going," I whispered as Rachel worked her hands over my damp pussy. She curled her fingers around my hairy muff before darting a few inside my soggy hole. She wiggled her fingers around and around, eventually pulling them out and sucking them clean. While Rachel continued rubbing, stroking and penetrating my cunt, Katrina started to massage my tits. Although we were all out in the open, nobody seemed to care that I was getting fucked in the hairdresser's chair!

"My turn," Katrina said, switching positions

"She curled her fingers around my muff before darting a few inside my hole"

LIFE'S A PEACH!

I guess you fellows don't just print dirty stories for the sake of it but – is this sacrilegious? – it's always been my favourite part of *Club*. I love the girls, don't get me wrong, and they get plenty of my cream, but I have the best, longest wanks over the letters and stories, especially Peaches. There's nothing like a filthy sort telling you how she likes it in the wrong 'un, or even a bloke sharing the secrets of how he got the tightest, smoothest ride of his life. Add in some nice pictures of bums and I'm in total hard-on heaven.

The minute I actually get to bum my girlfriend (I'm working on it!) you'll be the first to know.

Griff, Cambridge.

I'LL TAKE YOUR CHERRY!

Yes, yes, yes! That's pretty much what I said when I clapped eyes on Cherry Jul in your wonderful magazine. Only I was browsing it in a shop and said it in my head. Still, it made a 'maybe I'll buy this' into a 'surefire wankathon'. Cherry is pretty much my favourite European pornstar right now. I've seen her do things to all manner of cocks that are probably in contravention of EU law, but watching her juggle three big ones is one of the wonders of the world. More please.

Ben, Peterborough.

with Rachel. Katrina took things to a whole new level, burying her face between my legs and plunging in with her tongue. She worked my clit expertly and had me cumming in her mouth after a few short minutes.

When she arose, her face was dripping wet. I grabbed her head and brought her up to my lips. I stuck my tongue out and ran circles around her mouth with it. I've always loved the way my gush tastes, although this time it tasted even sweeter mixed with Katrina's saliva.

After experiencing a spectacular orgasm, I decided to return the favour to my new friends. I got out of the seat and arranged Rachel in doggie position in the chair. With her bum poking out in my direction, I slid her pants down her legs and began eating and fingering her tight arsehole. It was fucking delicious! Katrina quickly joined me, thrusting her fingers into Rachel's twat.

So there we were, in the middle of the salon, treating the nail technician's sex holes like our own private fairground. It was fucking wild! By this time the place had cleared out and all that remained were the

CONTINUED ON PAGE 15

TINA'S TURN-ON!

Fancy a duet on nut-bust titty limits?

PHOTOS: ANDREW HAYEK

Certain members of Team *Club* are quite upset that Tina isn't married to them. You can see why. Imagine this lovely bringing you a cup of tea and a garibaldi after a hard day at the office. Okay, she'd be good at other stuff too, but Rome wasn't built in a day.

We asked her why she wasn't married to us, and she didn't seem to know either. She mumbled something about being busy strutting her stuff as a model, but that's not really cutting it. We'd be happy to take a model as a wife. In fact, we'd prefer it. Then she told us we just weren't her type. Again, not good enough. We can grow to love each other Tina, can't we? We already love you! ♣

TINA

To check out Tina really getting rude, go to:
www.paulraymond.com/club

Tina does things we can't show you here at:

www.paulraymond.com/club

DOWN THE WIRE

What's been keeping *Club*'s network of global correspondents busy this month?

THROWING HER TOYS FROM THE PRAM

A woman offering child-care services has failed in her efforts to bring charges against a man in his 40's after a Melbourne, Florida, court ruled he had done nothing illegal. Several weeks earlier, the child-carer had received a phone call from the man on behalf of his mentally-disabled, diaper-wearing brother. The brother was represented as possessing the mental age of a toddler and having little or no control of his bladder and she subsequently began assisting him daily in her home for $600 a week.

She was, however, later outraged to learn that the 'brother' was really the caller and enjoyed following the adult baby lifestyle, as do many perfectly ordinary perverts. But when she brought the matter before the beak, Brevard County ruled that since she had consented to change a fully-grown bloke's diapers and had been paid for her services, the adult baby had no case to answer. The woman left court in a terrible huff, while the defendant almost certainly giggled, drooled, and brandished his rattle triumphantly.

GERIATRIC SNATCH DRAMA

26-year-old self-confessed gang member Alex Fowler, who has the legend 'Crip for Life' tattooed on his neck, was recently arrested when an attempted home-invasion robbery went pear-shaped. Hard nut Fowler was chased from the house in Jasper, Texas, by the 87-year-old female victim, who pointed a can of Raid insect repellent at him and threatened to spray him with bug-killer.

According to Lt James Cook, Fowler approached octogenarian Sue Erzen wearing a bandana for a mask, a hat, and rubber gloves. He pointed a handgun and demanded the old wifey's purse. When she refused and grabbed the fly-spray, Fowler shrieked and fled.

Police tracked the suspect to his home, where, Lt Cook told reporters, "We located the weapon – a black BB pistol – the bandana, and the gloves." Officers had also found a toboggan, which is an odd thing to have in your house in Texas, though the relevance of this discovery remains unclear.

2-D LOVERS WITH DOUBLE-D CHESTS

Thriving despite widespread mockery, a Japanese subculture known as 'otaku' is bringing something resembling fulfilment to sad Nippon blokes with rich imaginations who eschew conventional dating in order to have all-consuming relationships with figurines that are based on popular anime characters.

The least extreme of the otaku crowd draw the line at collecting the dolls obsessively, but the increasingly large hardcore element actually believe that a pillow with a drawing of a teenage character or a little anime dolly is the same thing as a real girlfriend, and they take her out in public on romantic dates.

"Mine has really changed my life," said a 37-year-old loon named Nisan, referring to his dolly/girlfriend Nemutan. Another lonely otaku fruitcake confessed he would like to marry, "A real, 3-D woman". "But look at me," he added. "How can someone who carries this doll around get married?"

"He threatened to spray him with bug killer"

TIME TO GIVE SOMEONE ELSE A TURN

Businessman Richard Poncher of Los Angeles had no fear of death when he kicked the bucket aged 81 in 1986. Indeed, he welcomed it, because he had arranged to lie, for all eternity, facing down, directly on top of the remains of sex goddess Marilyn Monroe.

Despite the slight, his wife Elsie cheerfully honoured his wishes. And when Richard perished, his remains were duly interred in the crypt directly above that occupied by the leftovers of the legendary film star, in Westwood Village Memorial Park Cemetery.

And there he has lain, on his face, atop Miss Monroe. But not for much longer. Eager, she says, to pay off the $1.6 million mortgage on her home, Mrs Elsie Poncher is ousting Richard from his lascivious resting place. She has put the occupancy of his crypt up for grabs on eBay and, at time of writing, bids have already surpassed $4.5 million. 'Spend an eternity above Marilyn' says the ad.

NAT'S ENTERTAINMENT!

As lush as the carwash babe Natalia is in your latest issue (38.11), it just made me more angry about the divs who actually work at my local carwash place. While Natalia has that insolently sex look, they're just insolent. I'm sure they nick all the change from down the back of the seat. Maybe that's the perk of their job, but leaving streaks on my bodywork definitely isn't. Grumbling aside, I'd definitely leave streaks all down Natalia's bodywork, right out of my gearstick. I know that doesn't actually make much sense, suffice to say I'd like to jizz all over her. Okay?

Sean, Brentford

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7

three of us. After having her snatch and arse pummelled, Rachel let out a ferocious scream before splashing us down with her sweet squirt.

Once finished there, I treated Katrina with my magic tongue. When she exploded into my mouth, I could feel her warm drips slide to the back of my throat. I stayed in the salon for several more hours, fucking the girls in the staff room whenever they had a moment away from their clients. I only wish we'd thought to turn the security camera around and film our fun so we had a permanent reminder!

Claire, Shrewsbury

ITALIAN STALLIONS

There's an incredible Italian restaurant ten minutes from my front door that has been getting a lot of attention in the press.

After hearing my friends sing its praises for several weeks, I decided to give the place a try. To my surprise, it was everything my friends had raved about and more. Not only was the food absolutely delicious and the service second to none, but the owner and the Sommelier were the hottest pieces of Italian man I had ever laid my eyes on.

From the first moment I saw them from my table I knew I would stop at nothing to fuck them both. It helps that I'm a pretty fit girl – if I do say so myself! – who captures the attention of pretty much every man when I enter a room. This room was no different. Last Friday night, when the place was just about to close, I made my move, having done all the groundwork with lots of flirting on previous visits.

I arrived late wearing my sexiest black dress with a neckline that exposes my skin all the way down to my navel and a pair of black stiletto heels. I took a seat at the bar and was served a glass of wine.

I caught the attention of Fabio, the owner. He instantly knew exactly what I was there to do. He came up to me and whispered in my ear, "Ciao, amore. Let me get rid of everybody." He leaned in and kissed my shoulder. I grabbed his dick through his trousers as he walked past and could feel that his cock was already big, fat and ready for me.

As soon as the place was clear, he rushed to me like a raging bull. I opened my legs wide in anticipation. Finally, after weeks of flirting, we were face to face. I wrapped my legs around him. He began to kiss and bite the edges of my puffy lips while running his fingers through my long curly hair.

I could feel his cock against my pussy so hard that I began to gush at the thought of him sticking it inside of me. He placed

CONTINUED ON PAGE 26

LET'S GET JIZZICAL!

I was truly, truly shit at PE at school. I could run around with the best of 'em, but when it came to forward rolls or – worst of all – shinning up a rope which burnt your hands to shit, I was useless. That might have been different if I'd had Peaches from *Club* as my teacher, rather than some sadistic bloke with several missing fingers. Then again, it might not have been that different, except for I'd have embarrassed myself by having a big bonk-on sticking up in my too-small PE kit. But I'd have made up for it by stroking myself to mince over the thoughts of her ridiculously figure-hugging sports bikini, before making an inappropriate pass at Peaches after lessons. Wall bars? Ball bars would be more appropriate. Weight lifting? Shirt lifting, more like. Actually, I'm losing my thread here...

Louis, Droitwich.

PICK-NIC!

We did, we think you should too...

PHOTOS: STEVE COLBY

Nicola has the kind of refined good looks that might make you think she's unapproachable and unattainable. Well, we approached her and she was lovely. We didn't fare so well with the attaining, however.

"I'm already taken," she tells us, breaking our hearts. Say it ain't so! And who's the lucky guy?

"Oh, there's no one specific guy. I'm taken by everyone. I want to reserve myself for all your readers, and all the guys who wank off to me – which they'd better be doing."

You'll have no worries on that count. But how are you going to divide your time between all our readers?

"Through the medium of *Club*. I'm sending them all a personal message that I love them and I want them to shoot their lovely jizz all over my pictures. I want them to coat me in their cream!"

Okay, but when they're done with you, do we get our go? Deal?

"Deal!" ♣

SEE THIS RAUNCHY VIDEO AT

www.paulraymond.com

To catch even more of Nicola's pink bits, go to:

www.paulraymond.com/club

NICOLA

To see Nicola get even nastier, go to:

www.paulraymond.com/club

THE ROUGH GUIDE TO... THE MELBOURNE CUP

Matt Loxham checks the form on Australia's greatest sporting occasion. Until they find jockeys small enough for murderous spiders, anyway...

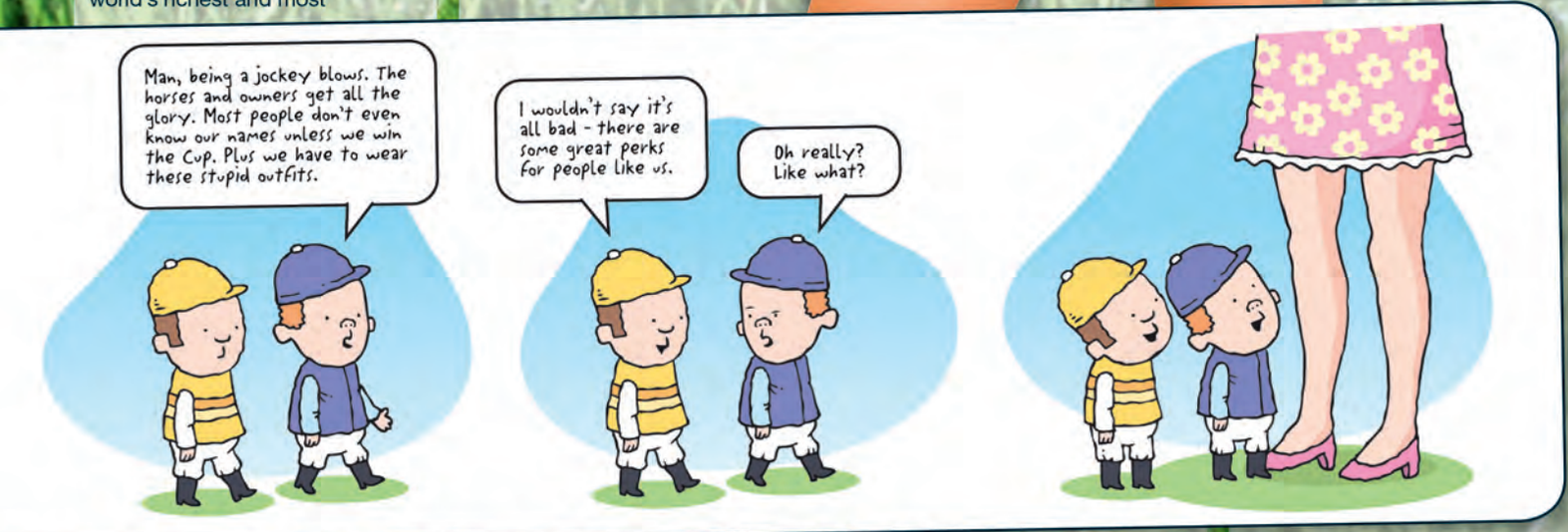
Billed as 'The Race That Stops a Nation' the Melbourne Cup is arguably the biggest horse race on the planet. As much a part of Australian culture as barbies, corked hats, murdering backpackers, Shane Warne's hair loss remedies and killer fucking funnel-web spiders, the world's richest and most prestigious two-mile handicap draws crowds of over 100,000 Aussies to Melbourne's Flemington Racecourse each year. It has a worldwide TV audience of around 700 million – more than the Superbowl – and is worth the equivalent of around two million pounds to the winner. Yes, the race has come a long way since its inaugural running on the 7th November 1861, when just 4,000 people saw John Cutts ride a stallion called Archer to victory and scoop the rather more modest prize of seven hundred quid and a gold watch.

Taking place at 3pm on the first Tuesday in November, the Melbourne Cup is more national institution than horse race. Imagine the furore of the Grand National, the Derby and the Cheltenham Gold Cup rolled into one, and you'll get some idea of the hullaballoo this thing creates; all condensed into under four minutes. The people of Melbourne even get a day off work to watch it. A day off to spend in the bookies? No wonder the Aussies are obsessed with gambling.

THE HISTORY

The initial success of the race could conceivably be attributed to one thing – women. In order to attract a bigger crowd to the first Melbourne Cup, members of the Victorian Turf Club were given two free ladies tickets, on the premise that, in the wise words of then club secretary Robert Bagot: 'Where ladies went, men would follow'. Similar to the thinking behind those times at your local shithole nightclub where birds get free entry and booze, and blokes get charged £20 to get in and four quid a warm, flat pint, but in a slightly more dignified setting – sheer genius.

The plan duly worked, with the resulting attendance exceeding all expectations. Significantly, the large number of ladies present right from the word go meant that the Melbourne Cup immediately became a designated place to show off new fashions and finery. A carnival 'garden party' style atmosphere prevailed, and it evolved as an event to see and be seen at for the social set. Everyone and anyone wanted to be


Man, being a jockey blows. The horses and owners get all the glory. Most people don't even know our names unless we win the Cup. Plus we have to wear these stupid outfits.
I wouldn't say it's all bad - there are some great perks for people like us.
Oh really? Like what?

HERE & NOW

The legend of modern times is Makybe Diva, who is the only horse ever to win the race three times. And to make the feat even more impressive, he did it in consecutive years (2003-5). Many people doubt if this achievement will ever be repeated, but if it is then the chances are that the protagonist will be from Japan, who in recent years have been enjoying increasing success in the race. Who will prevail on November 3rd is anybody's guess – nobody really expected rank outsider Viewed to romp home in 2008 – but one thing is for sure: all Australian eyes will be firmly focused on this most enduring of national sporting treasures. Or a Paul Hogan Show repeat with his stupid mate with the swimming cap. One of the two.

THE HERO

A bit like Dame Edna and Crocodile Dundee, Phar Lap is an Australian icon. Credited with lifting the spirits of millions during the early years of the Great Depression, the unprepossessing chestnut colt became a symbol for hope and succeeding against the odds during dire times. As a foal Phar Lap had a dodgy gait, a face covered in warts and he even finished last in his first race, and his 'knackers yard to track legend' tale struck a chord with people who were now suddenly homeless, poverty-stricken and generally on their arse.

In fact, they put what little money they had on him, such was his knack for winning when it mattered most – he brought home the bacon in 32 of his final 35 races. His notoriety meant he had to be hidden away before the Melbourne Cup of 1930 after gangsters tried to shoot him during a track session, but like a true legend he emerged an hour before the off and went on to decimate the field, giving a nation a much-needed reason for celebration.

there, and just 15 years after the landmark first running, crowds were unbelievably tipping the 75,000 mark.

Yet the race's roaring success wasn't purely down to inviting the girls to the party. In early winners Archer, Briseis and Carbine, and the twelve-year-old jockey Peter St. Albans, the race had a knack for producing brave and heroic individuals who immediately captured the imagination of the general public.

Also, the Aussie Gold Rush was in full flight and people were flocking to Melbourne in search of their fortunes – the city was booming and expanding. These were heady times, and the Melbourne Cup was swept along with it all.

Conversely, during the Australian stock market crash in the 1890's and the Great Depression of the 1930's, people who had lost everything needed hope, tales of success against all odds, and something familiar to cling on to, and that's why the Melbourne Cup managed to survive and even thrive during such desperate times.

The race has also endured its own tragedies, the worst in 1876, when eleven horses were killed when the ship they were being transported to the race on was hit by a huge storm.

Like all great sporting events, the Melbourne Cup has survived the bad times, and spans class divides, cultural differences – Frank Reys was the first, and so far only, Aboriginal jockey to win in 1973 – and now attracts entries from all around the world. As a result it unites a nation in anticipation, excitement and gambling for one day in November. ♣

Imagine the furore of the Grand National, the Derby and the Cheltenham Gold Cup rolled into one and you'll get some idea of the hullaballoo

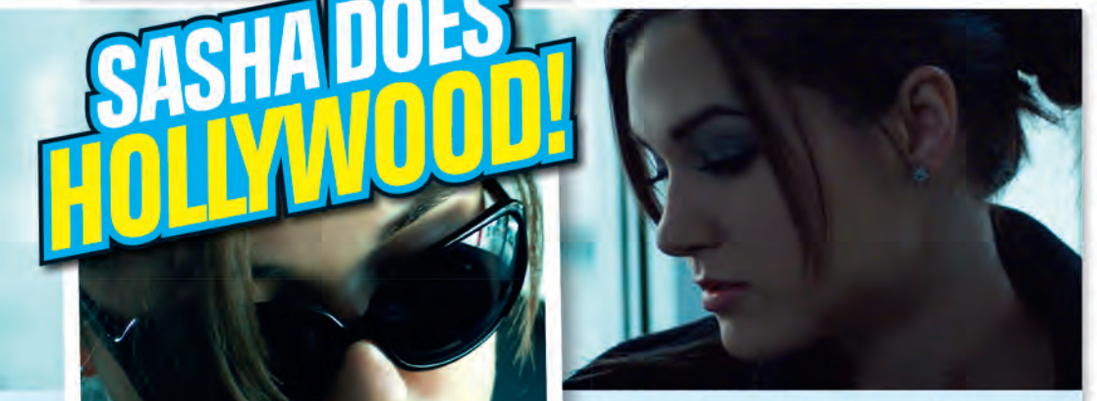
THE VILLAIN

With a decidedly dodgy human rights records, and alleged links to torture, abductions and murdering rivals and journalists that slag him off, characters don't come much more shady than the Chechnyan President, Ramzan Kadyrov. Set to become the baddest motherfucker in Melbourne Cup history since the dastardly criminals who tried to shoot Phar Lap, Kadyrov is entering one of his horses, Mourilyan, into this year's race. And the people of Australia are desperate for it to take a beating. "If this nasty character were to get his hands on the Melbourne Cup it would be the lowest point in Australia's sporting history," said Australian Green Party leader Senator Bob Brown. Even worse than losing the Ashes to a patched up England team?

THE BOY WONDER

In 1876, aged just 12, and eight days before he reached the stated minimum entry age of 13, Peter St. Albans clambered aboard his mount Briseis – no doubt with the help of a step-ladder – in a bid to become the youngest jockey ever to win the Melbourne Cup. Despite weighing just over six stone and being massively inexperienced in comparison with his 32 adult rivals, St. Albans managed to ease Briseis into the lead in the home straight and win comfortably by a length. Shouldn't he have been at school, or doing a paper round?

SASHA DOES HOLLYWOOD!



If you're aware of actress Sasha Grey, it's pound to a pinch of shit that you've probably been branded a chicken-choking, porn-loving perv. It's an understandable assumption, considering that having entered the jizz-biz a mere three years ago at the age of 18, Grey has clocked-up a truckload of hardcore flick appearances in such salacious outings as *Anal Cavity Search 6* and *White Chicks Gettin' Black Balled 22*. But in the words of old fart folk warbler Bob Dylan, the times they are a-changin' – for both you and Ms Grey. Thanks to Academy Award winning film director Steven Soderbergh casting her as the lead in his latest film *The Girlfriend Experience*, it's now no longer a stigma-bearing sin to admire the young sex-goddess's work.

In Soderbergh's low-budget drama, Grey plays Chelsea, a high-class Manhattan escort who's juggling her everyday life and 'steady' relationship, with her job: that being someone who provides the 'more up-close and personal than a quick fuck' titular service for well-heeled clients.

Granted, that may not sound such a stretch for someone who's made a living from getting screwed senseless on screen. However, sex-doll Sasha delivers the goods in a fashion that's so seamlessly convincing she puts most of Hollywood's female players to shame. In fact, she looks set to be the first adult film star to smash down the wall between porn and mainstream filmmaking.

The thought that this could lead to Grey turning her back on her body-fluid-spattered past will have countless horndogs weeping into their wank-rags. But there's no need to, because the sexual maverick has set up her own smut production company with producer/director Oren Cohen called 'Grey Art'. She recently told *eXaminer.com*: "I've waited a long time to sow my seeds as a director, because I wanted to have the perfect platform. Together Oren and I have created 'Grey Art' as a means to deliver our vision(s) to a varied audience, and I look forward to the continuing challenge of being a modern day female entrepreneur."

Face it: while there are those who talk the talk, and those who walk the talk, no one fucks the talk quite like Sasha Grey. *www.sashagrey.com*

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15

his hands under my dress and pulled me in by the arse for a dry humping session that had us both moaning and completely aroused.

"I've wanted you from the moment I saw you," he said, kissing my neck and working his way down my chest. He yanked my dress open and began to gorge himself on my perky tits. He cupped them in his hands and twirled his tongue around my nipples, leaving trails of saliva over my tanned skin.

As he was busy drawing my nipples in and out of his mouth, I unzipped his trousers and pulled my dress up. I placed his cock between my palms and began to wank it, using lots of spit and a twisting hand motion.

Now he lifted me up onto the bar and slipped his cock inside of me for the first time. It was so fucking big that I felt my cunt walls throb as I stretched open to accommodate his big Italian salami. He grabbed my ankles, continuing to pummel my hole like a drum and spit on my clit. In between thrusts, he'd pull out and suck

"I felt my cunt walls throb as I stretched open to accommodate his big Italian salami"

on my slit like he was slurping up a plate of spaghetti with sauce.

I rolled my head back in ecstasy and was instantly surprised the moment my mouth began to fill up with another cock. It took a second to register since Fabio was still fucking my twat down below. I opened my eyes to find that Jacopo, the Sommelier, had made his way into our after-hours party. "Got room for one more?" he asked, smacking his cock against my lips. His sausage tasted so damn sweet that I began to shove him into the back of my throat, paying extra close attention to sucking on his foreskin.

"Jacopo, you've got to try this hole," Fabio said while switching places with Jacopo. Immediately, Jacopo flipped me into doggie on the bar stool and went straight for my arse instead, while I polished Fabio's knob with my tongue. I was so juiced up everywhere that his meat slid in to my arse with surprising ease, and he was soon riding my rectum all the way to the balls. I came so hard with that big cock in my bum and the other in my mouth.

Finally, they pulled out and took turns to shoot their jizz across my tongue. I licked up every drop of their tiramisu cream and made sure to book a table for the following week before I left. Now that's what I call amore!

Amy, Greenwich ♣

ANGELA'S GASHES!

Sorry, we lied. She's only got one. You know, like most women...

PHOTOS: PHOTORAMA

Who's your favourite Angela? Is it Rippon? Merkel? Lansbury? Well, for us, there's only one Angela, and it's... Angela. Yup, that's pretty much all we know about this statuesque European beauty. Want to fill us in?

"Well, Angela means messenger," the 24-year-old chirpily informs us, "and I'm here to bring you a message of universal love and sex."

That's the kind of message we like.

"Well, it's one I'm communicating through sharing my pussy with people. They had free love back in the 60's, I'm bringing that back for the noughties."

With a lot less hair, we hope?

"Well, as you can see, I'm totally bare down there. That's for easy access. I like the style of the 60's, but I don't think men want to have to work their way through a thicket of pubes to get to the sweet stuff. They want to dive straight in."

See why she's our favourite Angela? You don't get that from Merkel. ♣

To see Angela spread even wider, go to:

www.paulraymond.com/club

club's kit bag

Just like Stuff Magazine... only we don't get to keep any of the kit...

Asus EEE Videphone

Price: Around £190

www.amazon.co.uk

Not content with leading the charge when it came to ultra-portable netbooks, the Asus Eee range is now extending its pioneering attitude to Skype technology. Like the Clarus Plus radio, this videophone functions over the internet without the need for a computer to act as middle man. As a result you can make unlimited Skype-to-Skype video and voice calls via this portable handset for free, and even make calls to land and mobile lines at low rates. The device has a 7-inch LCD display with a simple icon-based interface and making calls is as easy as 1,2,3, providing you've got an internet connection, a Skype account and someone to call. The high quality video sensor ensures the webcam will work in low light conditions and should you require privacy, a headphone jack takes the onus off the warm-sounding speakers.

Sony NWZX1050B

Price: £169.98

www.sony.co.uk

Surprise, surprise. Apple don't update their iPod range for five minutes, so one of its contenders gets a sneaky dig in. This time it's Sony and their retaliation to the iPod Touch. Putting more attention into sound performance than aesthetic stylings, the 16 GB X1050 model is far from ugly, it just won't have designophiles creaming their pants. The video screen is slightly smaller than the Touch, but the colour is vibrant and you can download BBC iPlayer content. A lot has been put on this model's noise-cancelling technology, but for all the fanfare a simple pair of sound-isolating earphones will achieve the same aims. You can connect by wi-fi although the phone keypad-style layout proves bothersome when typing. The verdict? Go for it if you're anti-Apple, otherwise let's see what they come up with next.

GE E1255W

Price: £139.99

www.general-imaging.com

The General Electric brand might be a household name in the USA, but it has as much presence over here as an American sitcom found on the graveyard slot on one of those satellite TV channels that keeps changing it's name. So would you trust their products? The E1255W is the crowning jewel in GE's third model year range of digital cameras, but don't let that put you off. It's a competent contender, boasting 12 megapixels and a 3.0 inch LCD touch-screen providing simple usability. The wide angle lens and Pan-Capture Panorama feature will delight snappers after those seamless wide-view shots of magnificent mountain ranges or the complete livery of an InterCity 125 train.

It's topped off with automatic detection settings including scene, face, smile and blink – it's just a wonder they haven't got one for people sticking up rabbit ears behind the subject's head yet!

Skyla Memoir FS80

Price: £178

www.skyla.com

It was unintended, but there seems to be a theme emerging with this month's products, and that's the redundancy of the PC in digital transactions. OK, so these innovative gadgets aren't going to signal the end of the computer as we know it, but they do herald the arrival of convenient, now even simpler to use technology and the Skyla Memoir FS80 is a shining example.

In essence it combines a scanner and a digital photo frame, but eliminating the need for a computer to facilitate the relationship. Just pop your prints in the slot at the bottom of the device and they're digitally transferred and plonked in all their glory on the 8-inch screen before you know it. And with 1GB of storage available, plus the ability to scan at 600dpi, the picture quality is far from shabby. As you'd hope there is USB accessibility, so you can move the pictures you scan or import new ones to that clunky thing in the corner. Sweet. ♣

KELL'S BELLES!

Okay, belle. Okay, Lucy. But she's a belle. Oh, forget it...

PHOTOS: STEVE COLBY

The worrying thing about ladies that lick other ladies is that there's always an outside chance that they don't like to lick length as well. Taken to its logical extreme, the human race dies out. However, the human race dies out with sexy results, which is better than passing peak oil and then engaging in some Waterworldesque battle for drinking water. In the year 2020. On the moon.

Yup, death by lesbian is infinitely better, which makes Lucy and Kelly here the two lesbos of the apocalypse. Or they would be if they weren't actually huge fans of cock too. So, humanity survives to fight another day, on top of which we still get to see babes like this chowing down on pussy. Isn't life frickin' sweet? ♣

Need more dirty dykery? Go to:

www.paulraymond.com/club

LUCY & KELLY
See the slit licking get even harder at:
www.paulraymond.com/club

POPSHOT CULTURE!

FILTHY-MINDED SLEAZE-HOUND MATT SANDERS TRAWLS THE WEB AND THE WORLD FOR THE NAUGHTIEST NEWS AND GOOIEST GOSSIP...

BIRD OFF THE BOIL

YOU WOULD, WOULDN'T YOU? OR WOULD YOU?

THIS MONTH: MICHAELA STRACHAN

We at *Club International* remember our formative masturbatory years with rose-tinted spectacles. As far as we're concerned, every time we played with our pubeless knobs over the likes of Stephanie Beacham in *The Colbys* and Sally James in *Tiswas* we were twanging away to the very best fanny the entertainment world had to offer. But were we actually punching our pants-puddings to a load of boilers-in-the-making?

Take, for instance, the once-lovely Michaela Strachan. Back in the late 80's/early 90's, she was the fresh-faced bimbo of shows like *The Hitman & Her* (ITV, after mum and dad had gone to bed) and *The Really Wild Show* (BBC, after school but before tea) and she was always gonna go one of two ways – she was either going to slut it up and do more late-night TV shows like *Hitman*, eventually getting her pert hoo-ha's out for all to see. Or she was going to devote her life to spreading awareness about cruelty to animals and let those tits that we dreamed of spraying our muck on get all covered in moss and bark while she crawled through the undergrowth. No prizes for guessing where Michaela wound up.

Wacaday? Crackaday more like.

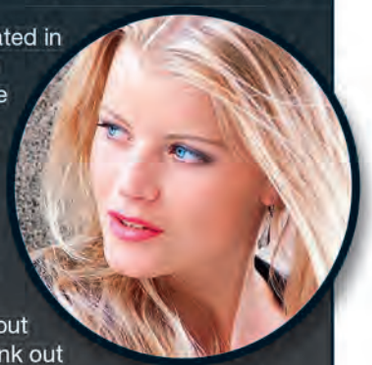
PORN STAR GRAVEYARD

Mourn with us at the tomb of dick-slurpers lost to the Grim Reaper...

No. 1 – Lea De Mae

Lea De Mae was a beautiful young Czech lady with a great career ahead of her as an Olympic high diver, but alas banged her back in real good whilst training for the 1996 Summer Olympics, putting paid to her dream of taking home a gold. She wound up taking plenty of bronze soon after, as her dreams of standing on podiums whilst people cheered gave way to reams of blokes doing her up the bronze on camera for money.

Admittedly, there was less cheering, but Lea built up a firm following in the grot industry between the years of 2000 and 2004. During that time, having been persuaded by a dirty snapper to get her norks out for a photo-shoot, she appeared in over 80 smutty movies, many of them for Private. She was a game performer, happy to take it in the ass, all the while exuding a healthy, sun-kissed look that betrayed the tragedy behind her career. Lea De Mae was an excellent porn star, but her injuries took her down a path that wasn't her first choice.



Unfortunately, the tragedy accelerated in 2004, as Lea was diagnosed with an aggressive strain of brain cancer. The blonde, shapely cock-hider was just months away from receiving her last popshot, and the industry rallied around to help her through her last months on the planet. Funds were set up in her name and her co-stars donated toward her treatment. Lea passed away in December of 2004, but her legacy lives on. If you wanna crank out a commemorative wank over this beauty, start with Private's *Dangerous Things* and move on to Zero Tolerance's *Great Sexpectations* for dessert. She shall not be forgotten.

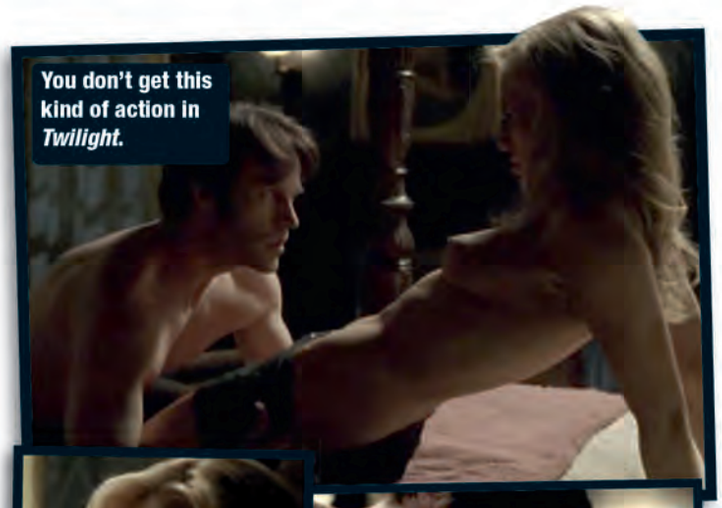
RESPECTABALLS

WHEN PORN STARS HIT THE MAINSTREAM...

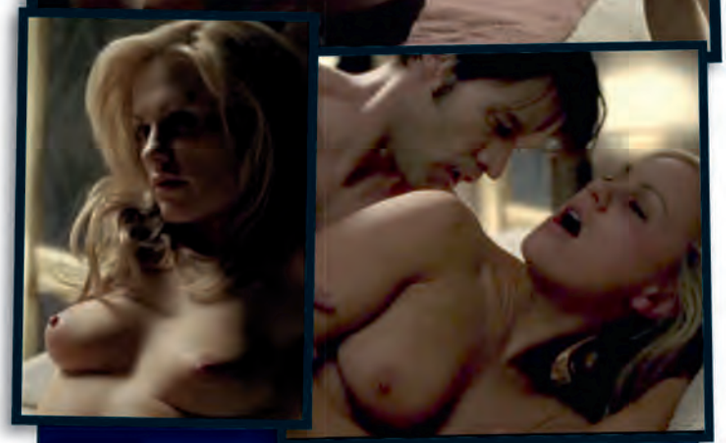
What's the worst film you've ever seen? *Forrest Gump*? *Three Men and a Baby*? *Grease 2*? Well, believe me, there's one turgid lump of dog whoopsy that lays a fat egg on all that lot and makes an omelette outta them. *The Room* is a 2003 movie written, directed and produced by a talentless no-mark who goes by the name of Tommy Wiseau that is widely regarded as the worst film of all time. Cult screenings of it pop up all over the world, with crazed fans screaming the appalling dialogue back at the characters (I know people who've seen it ten times) and throwing spoons at the screen (don't ask). Crazy US comedians Tim & Eric (whose bonkers Adult Swim show *Tim & Eric Awesome Show Great Job* is a must for) hired Wiseau to direct a sketch in the fourth season of their show. A sketch that is almost as bad as *The Room*. But looky here, what's this? The actress hired to 'act' alongside Tommy, Tim and Eric is none other than Sydnee Steele, the porno babe who looks a bit like Cuddy out of *House*, and whose lips have been wrapped around more schlongs than mine have around Linda McCartney sausages.

Sydnee got her break in porno after spending some time on the swingers scene, and retired a few years back to do sex counselling. We'd like to see her in more mainstream TV and movies, although a few more pornos wouldn't hurt. Her double-handed blowjob technique is a joy to behold.

Sydnee Steele's pretzel logic.



You don't get this kind of action in *Twilight*.



Smoo-ray

THE JUICIEST GRABS OF THE SAUCIEST BINTS IN HD...

If you haven't caught up with Season 2 of *True Blood* on FX yet, fear not – it'll show up on DVD and Blu-Ray soon enough, and then you'll be able to ogle the pert pups of micro-skirted Anna Paquin to your heart's content. Yep, possibly due to the slightly meandering plot of Season 2, the producers of the show clearly decided to pep things up by making sure the Oscar-winning strumpet gets her top bumholes out as often as possible without it seeming too gratuitous (after all, she DID win an Oscar). And what a fine pair of taut frolicbags they are too – bronzed to perfection, all standy-uppy and blessed with a pair of nipples that seem to have 'chew me' written all over 'em. It's just a shame that every time she has a bonk in the show, matey-boy here (who's her actual boyf out in the real world, disappointing-fact-fans!) takes a big bite out of her neck and gets her all covered in blood. There's a word for people who think that's sexy – 'bloody idiots'.

PRICKIPEDIA

SEXY FACTS FROM AROUND THE WORLD...

For every webpage on the internet, there are five pages featuring pornography (well, duh!) The act of sexual intercourse occurs approximately 100 million times a day (although my house brings the average right down) Kissing can assist the prevention of tooth decay, due to the mingling of plaque-battling saliva (yep, that excuse works for me) During the female orgasm, the endorphins released are a powerful painkiller (so next time she complains of a headache, you've got the perfect antidote).

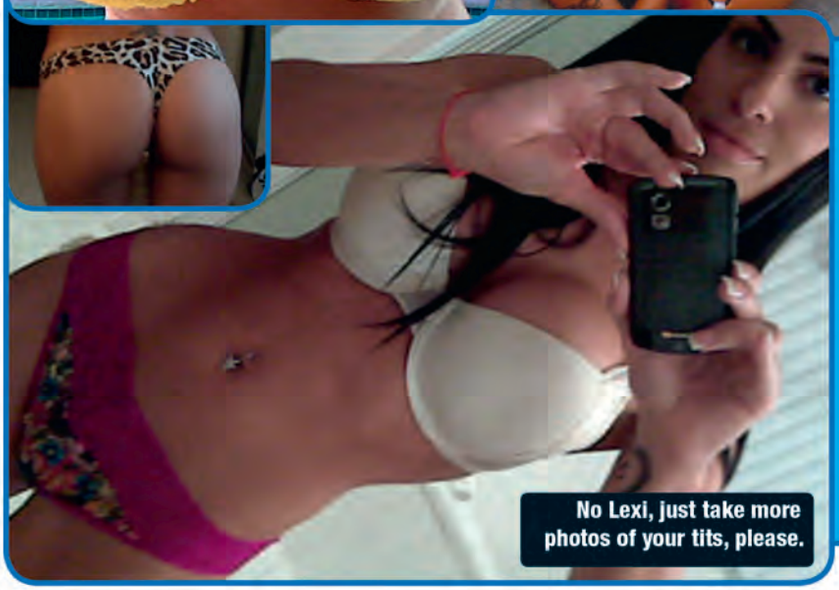
jizz on my twits

WHAT'S GOING ON IN THE WORLD OF TWITTERING COCK-SMOKERS...

This month, it's been well worth following the bra-bendingly buxom exotic temptress Lexi Lapetina on Twitter [@lexilapetina] not just for her saucy tweets, but for the bizarre array of animals she seems to be collecting in her pad. She has a habit of posting pics of herself snuggling with her weird hairless pussies (no, not THAT kind) and with her dog Skully. Luckily, she's thoughtful enough to just post pics of herself showing off her phenomenal bum and rack too. She updates her blog at *www.eroticneighbor.com* pretty regularly, and here are some samples of her tweetage:

"Doc says I have the flu. ☹ I'm cranky and feverish. Just wanna be rubbed"
"Had one of those major party nites where you wake up the next day and think 2 yourself... whoa... wtf happen last night? LOL"
"I just rode a mechanical bull... like a champ! LOL!"
"I am currently drinking myself stupid"

Yep, she's our kind of gal. Annoyingly, Skully the dog has cancer so she's keeping her followers updated with his medical progress in between tweeting about her tits, so why not offer her your support today. Next time, we chat with the gorgeous Terri Summers and catch up with her saucy Twittering.
Come and follow me on Twitter: @popshotculture
I wanna wallow in your filth! ♣



No Lexi, just take more photos of your tits, please.

THE JOKE'S ON YOU!

Got a good joke to share? Then why not send it in? Let's face it, it's bound to be better than this lot...

Send us your favourite filthy jokes and we could reward you with a crisp £50 note so that you can go down the pub and have a drink with your mates while you tell it! Send your joke to the usual address or email them to clubint@paulraymond.com

DYNAMITE DICK!

A large, musclebound guy meets a woman at a bar. After a few drinks, they agree to go back to his place. As they're getting intimate in the bedroom, he stands up and starts to undress. After he takes his shirt off, he flexes his muscular arms and says: "See that, baby? That's 1000 pounds of dynamite!" She begins to drool.

The man drops his pants, strikes a bodybuilder's pose, and says, referring to his bulging thighs, "See those, baby? That's 1000 pounds of dynamite!"

She is aching for a shag at this point. Finally, he drops his underpants, and, after a quick glance, she grabs her purse and runs screaming to the front door. He catches her before she is able to leave and asks: "Why are you in such a hurry to go?" She replies, "With 2000 pounds of dynamite and such a short fuse, I was afraid you were about to blow!"

Anne, Rotherham

SAUSAGE SESSION!

Bruce and Shane fancy a pint but only have £1 between them. Bruce says, "Hang on, I have an idea." He goes next door to the butcher's shop and comes out with one large sausage. Shane says, "Are you crazy? Now we don't have any money at all!" Bruce replies, "Don't worry – just follow me." He goes into the pub where he immediately orders two pints of Fosters. They down their drinks. Bruce says, "OK, I'll stick the sausage through my zipper, and you go on your knees and put it in your mouth."

The barman notices them, goes berserk, and throws them out. They continue this, pub after pub, getting more and more drunk, all for free. At the tenth pub Shane says "Bruce, I don't think I can do any more of this. I'm drunk and my knees are killing me!" Bruce replies, "How do you think I feel? I can't even remember which pub I lost the sausage in."

Simon, Tottenham

BLANKET BAN!

Mr. Johnson and his secretary are on a train to Paris. They're just about to go to sleep when the secretary, who has the hots for her boss, says in a seductive voice, "I'm a little cold, could I borrow your blanket?" Mr. Johnson replies, "How would you like to be Mrs. Johnson for the night?" The secretary jumps at the chance and says, "I'd love to." "Good," says the boss. "Then get your own fucking blanket."

Al, Bristol

CHEMIST COCK UP!

A girl asks her boyfriend to come over on Friday night and have dinner with her parents. Since this is a big event, the girl announces to her boyfriend that, after dinner, she'd like to make love for the first time. Well, the boy is ecstatic, but he's never had sex before, so he takes a trip to the chemist to get some condoms.

The pharmacist helps the boy for about an hour. He tells him everything there is to know about condoms and sex. At the till, the chemist asks the boy how many condoms he'd like to buy, a 3-pack, 10-pack, or a family pack. The boy insists on the family pack because he thinks he'll be busy, it being his first time and all.

That night, the boy shows up at the girl's parents' house and meets his girlfriend at the door. "Oh, I'm so excited for you to meet my parents, come on in!" The boy goes inside and is taken to the dinner table where the girl's parents are seated. The boy quickly offers to say grace and bows his head. A minute passes, and the boy is still deep in prayer, with his head down. 10 minutes pass, and still no movement. Finally, after 20 minutes with his head down, the girlfriend leans over and whispers to the boyfriend, "I had no idea you were this religious." The boy turns, and whispers back, "I had no idea your father was a chemist."

Tom, Newquay

REVENGE IS SWEET!

One day John looks over the fence and spies Bob's wife, naked, watering the garden. When Bob gets home from work, John brags to him that he's seen his wife naked.

Bob wants revenge, so that night creeps over into John's garden and catches sight of John's wife performing oral sex. The next day, Bob approaches John at the mailbox. "Hey, I saw your wife performing oral sex on you last night."

"Ha ha, the joke's on you," John says. "I wasn't home last night!"

Julian, Chichester

BAILEY

Because the middle isn't just for Malcolm. It's for uber-hotties too...

PHOTOS: HICKS

Blonde, tall and impossibly, stupidly beautiful. How could Bailey not go straight into the centre of *Club*? Well, because she didn't want to, for one.

"I'm pretty shy – I'd rather be the girl who hangs at the back of the crowd. Couldn't I be the girl at the back of the magazine, please?"

Shy? Not a word we associate with ladies exposing their wonderful vaginas in Britain's top scruff mag.

"Oh, once the camera is rolling I start to feel sexy and wet and the shyness stops. But away from the camera I'm super shy. So, can I go in the back, please?"

Let's not have the tail wagging the dog, love. You're in the middle. ♣

BAILEY

Club Girl of the Month
BAILEY

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READER'S GIRLFRIEND

Fancy a Reader's Girl slot? Then send a picture, along with your name, address and a contact telephone number to: Readers' Girls, Club International, 207 Old Street, London, WC1V 9NR (or email clubint@paulraymond.com). If you've got the Club look you'll get a top photo shoot and a £250 cheque, too!

NAME: Roxy **AGE:** 20
VITAL STATISTICS: 32B
WHAT'S SHE LIKE? Very playful!

WHY DID YOU WANT TO APPEAR IN CLUB INTERNATIONAL?
What girl wouldn't? An ex-boyfriend of mine used to read it and it always had the sexiest girls on the top shelf. I have a bit of a bi streak in me so I loved it, but I always thought I could be in it too.

SO YOU'D BE HAPPY TO TAKE ON ANOTHER GIRL FOR US IF YOUR MODELLING CAREER TOOK OFF?
Try and stop me! Knowing *Club*, I bet she'd be gorgeous too. I'd be all over her like a rash. Got any nice guys for me to be with too?

WELL, WE DON'T DO THAT SORT OF THING, MUCH AS WE'D LOVE TO SEE YOU DOING THAT. SO DOES A PORNO CAREER BECKON TOO?
I don't think so, but never say never. I've been in a few homemade ones, which was a lot of fun. I love looking at the camera with a cock in my mouth. People tell me I've got nice eyes, so I like to make eye contact when I'm working a dick. I'm just hoping the bloke who's got that doesn't put it on the internet!

AND WE'RE HOPING HE DOES. OR SENDS IT TO US, AT LEAST.
Ha! Well, who's to say I won't do you a little private one? I might just have to come up to your offices and put on a show. Just make sure there are some hot babes there when I arrive.

THIS IS CLUB, THERE ARE ALWAYS HOT BABES HERE! ♣

Roxy is getting way ruder at:
www.paulraymond.com/club

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HAVE A DAY OUT WITH A TOP PHOTOGRAPHER, GET YOUR KIT OFF AND MAKE £250!

READER'S GIRL APPLICATION FORM

NAME: _____

ADDRESS: _____

_____

_____

PHONE NO. _____

AGE: _____

BRA SIZE: _____

HAIR COLOUR: _____

HAVE YOU EVER BEEN IN A MEN'S MAG BEFORE? _____

IF SO, WHICH ONE? _____

_____

WHAT DO YOU LIKE MOST ABOUT CLUB? _____

_____

_____

PLEASE TICK IF YOU DO NOT WISH TO BE ON OUR MAILING LIST ☐

Send to: **Club Readers' Girlfriends, Club International, 207 Old Street, London EC1V 9NR**

Please enclose a recent photograph of yourself, preferably nude, in underwear or a swimsuit.

Alternatively you can email your photographs and details to: *clubint@paulraymond.com*

The Club International

Stereo of Filth &

With Club's fanny-obsessed music madman DJ Radio Jamaica

ALBUM REVIEWS

SNOW PATROL
Up To Now (Fiction)
How long do you reckon Snow Patrol have been going? 5 years? 6? Wrong, my friend. Try 15. In a bid to get some cash in for Christmas, the Irishmen have played their 'Best Of' card but have used it well – offering 30 songs and 2 CDs of the ones you know and shit loads of the ones you don't know.

50 CENT
Before I Self Destruct (Polydor)
Old Fiddy sounds well pissed off – it's as if a ginger just shagged his bird in the face or something. Bearing that in mind, if you like it gangsta then you're in for a right treat – Dr Dre and Eminem do some vocals which should guarantee a hand job from the hip hop section of the female population.

THE HICKEY UNDERWORLD
The Hickey Underworld (Naïve Records)
Belgium's exports have a tendency to cause mayhem in one way or another (think lager and 2 Many DJs) and the latest comes in the form of hardcore rock. Imagine Nirvana after 20 cans of Stella fingering girls outside the rock club in Antwerp and you're on the right lines.

THE MOLOTOVS
And The Heads Did Roll (Fierce Panda)
Still figuring out how to disarm the knickers of those indie-loving fresher girls at Uni? Simple: introduce them to the wonderful Molotovs and you'll have them frothing at the gash before the next lecture.

JA RULE
Mirror (The Inc)
Everybody needs a bit of R 'n' B in their collection because you never know when you're going to get lucky with an airhead from Chavsville. But if it makes them wet then so be it – stick it on and stick it up their backside.

SHAGGING FOR SOUP

Club chats to Bowling For Soup vocalist and guitarist, Jaret Reddick...

Have you ever killed an animal, either by accident, or for pleasure?
Well, I am from Texas. So, yes, I grew up around hunting and we used to shoot birds and rabbits with our pellet guns and sling shots. I was never really into hunting but I would go because it was time I could spend with my older brother, who was and still is my hero. When I was a teenager, we were hunting and a bird flew over. My brother said, "Shoot it… No don't." But too late, I shot the shit out of this owl and it made this awful sound. He was still alive when we walked to it and my brother put it out of its misery. I haven't hunted or shot anything since.

Please can you describe an encounter with the police?
My favourite ever was in Canada. We were touring with a band called GOB and an American band called BigWig NJ. The show was cool and afterwards Erik [bass player] and the drummer from BigWig were running naked through the parking lot in the snow as we all loaded our gear from the club. Nudity is nothing new for us – it is common to see it nightly. Anyway, they were running around like crazy and the rest of us were laughing and all of a sudden, two police cars came up the alley in both directions with lights flashing and sirens on! We yelled, "Scatter!" and everyone either ran or looked busy. The BFS trailer was in the alley, so we just acted like we were loading the trailer. A police woman rushed up to us, very pissed, and asked who'd been running around naked. This is the ensuing conversation:

"Who is running around with no clothes on?"
"Everyone here has clothes on."
"We got a call that someone was running around naked."
"No you didn't."
"Yes we did."
"I don't think that is possible. No one here has been naked."
"Well, someone was naked or no one would have called."
"I don't think anyone called because there is no one naked here."

Ha ha! They were so confused – it was like we used 'The Force' on them. About this time, Erik and his partner in crime walked out and were like, "What's up?" This made them a little mad and they asked us to please exit their city as quickly as possible. We obliged.

What sort of women do you go for?
I like girls that laugh. At funny shit and at themselves. I am totally a personality guy. But I also like really mean chicks, because it is a challenge to make them happy. I like brunettes with small boobs but am married to a blonde with big boobs. I just like girls… I am confused.

Where is the most random place you have had sex?
I guess the most random is with the wife off the beach in South Carolina. All of our friends and these kids were all around us swimming and splashing and shit. We were doing it in chest high water, trying to keep a straight face and we did a pretty good job. And then when I finished I said, "Guys, come over here, I think I see a jellyfish."

Have you got any little fetishes you can tell us about?
I used to have a huge pantyhose and feet thing. I was obsessed with pantyhose, but I grew out of that one I think. Not sure why, but I still love pretty feet. A girl's toes are the very first thing I notice. If Angelina Jolie had ugly feet, I would be out!

Ever been caught wanking?
Of course. 2 times in particular stick out in my mind. Once I was caught by my Mom, but she had no idea. I played it off with perfection. The other time was by a friend. I was jerking my shit on the bedroom floor and all of a sudden he was knocking

Love!

on my window. Again, I played it off well – it was at that point, around 14 I guess, where I was just really open about it. Since then, if I am gonna jack off, I make an announcement. "No one come in, I am going to jack off."

In life generally, what has been your biggest fuck up to date?

The fuck ups we live through make us who we are. I think my biggest regret in life is staying in my hometown for a girl after high school. I really could have gone anywhere, and I found myself locked in a bad situation for many years. But you see, had I not done that, there would be no BFS.

Nice one Jaret – keep on shaggin'.

The band's 7th album, Sorry For Partyin,' is out now.

DECEMBER GIG GUIDE

Watch a band, drink some beer, and shag some girls...

BASEMENT JAXX

Swindon Oasis Leisure Centre (6th)
Blackpool Empress Ballroom (11th)
Wolves Civic Hall (14th)
Bournemouth Int'nl Centre (16th)
London Arena (17th)

IAN BROWN

Bournemouth Academy (3rd)
Brixton Academy (4th & 5th)
Cambridge Exchange (7th)
Sheffield Academy (8th)
Leeds Academy (10th & 11th)
Liverpool Uni (12th)
Newcastle City Hall (14th)
Edinburgh Picture House (15th)
Glasgow Academy (16th)
Brum Academy (18th)
Manchester Arena (19th)

MADNESS

Bournemouth Int'nl Centre (1st)
Brighton Centre (2nd)
Plymouth Pavilions (4th)
Southend Cliffs Pavilion (5th)
Swindon Oasis Leisure Centre (7th)
Leeds Academy (8th)
Sheffield Academy (9th)
Brum Academy (10th)
Newcastle Academy (12th)
Glasgow Academy (13th)
Manchester Apollo (15th)

ON THE GAME

WET (Bethesda)

PS3, Xbox 360

★★★

We've been getting a lob-on over Eliza Dushku in *Dollhouse* for a while now, so *Wet* had us wet (in a manly way) when we booted it up and heard that the main character, Rubi, is voiced by her. Okay, we're hardcore gamers here at *Club*, but sometimes a cheap gimmick does the trick too. *Wet* certainly has all the bells and whistles – a third person shooter that combines guns, swords and acrobatics into a full-on experience as gun-for-hire Rubi searches for the son of a shady rich guy. It looks good, it plays good and the script has attitude to burn. There are some glaring flaws – don't expect varied gameplay or particularly stellar combat, and accusations of style over substance are well-founded – but overall this is a good weekend's fun. Now, can someone persuade Eliza to get her Dushku's out?

MARVEL ULTIMATE ALLIANCE 2

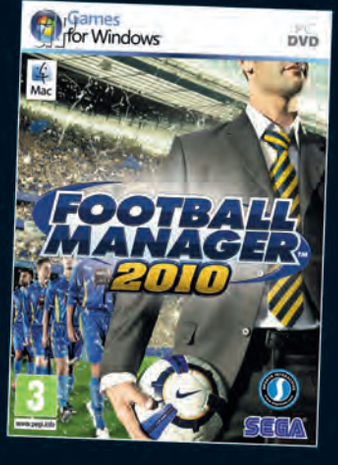
(Activision) *Wii, PS3, Xbox 360* ★★★★

Despite the wealth of fantastic characters at their disposal, the vast majority of Marvel-related games have been a crushing disappointment – give or take the odd Spidey outing. Maybe that's because they've often been film tie-ins, and film tie-ins invariably suck balls. This isn't a film tie-in, and has no balls in its mouth at all. Instead, it's a fun RPG that lets you spin webs as Spidey, naturally, but also masquerade as Iron Man, Hulk, Deadpool, Wolverine and others. Stan Lee makes his first onscreen video cameo – just in case you haven't seen the legend mugging enough – but overall this is another step in the right direction for a company that needs to finally make a mark in the game world.

FOOTBALL MANAGER 2010

(Sega) *PC, Mac* ★★★★★

Cited in divorce cases, and responsible for more lost man-hours than any number of public sector strikes, *Football Manager* is perhaps the pinnacle of PC gaming. Described by its detractors as a vaguely animated spreadsheet – yes, your point? – its success lies in the depth and breadth of the research that goes into every update. While *Championship Manager* has upped its game this year, *FM 2010* is still way out in front, the incremental changes stretching its lead. While the 3D match view is mere frippery, new tweaks to tactics and positioning make the experience of being a bedroom manager even richer. The only downside? Every *FM* release inevitably needs patching, and those first couple of months of playing will be bug-ridden. Nevertheless, tell my wife I'll see her in the off season.



TALKIN' BLUE

Got an experience to share? Then send it in to Talkin' Blue at the usual address and if it's up to scratch you'll bag yourself £50!

BET YOUR ASS

When Diane started working as a secretary at my office, the stick-up-the-arse suit and neat hair didn't fool me. I figured that under it all was some sexy underwear and a permanently wet snatch. Me and the other warehouse guys all had a bet – ten quid in, and the first to fuck her takes it all.

They tried too hard – and failed. I backed off and let her come to me, as finally happened one Friday night. She asked for a lift home and ended up riding my dick. I asked her where she wanted to go, and she said, "Your place." I was right about her pants – a tiny black lace thong, the crotch now just a wet, slippery string. And her tits were a real fucking treat – small but natural with such suckable nipples.

She started out fucking me cowgirl. When I asked did she think she was the boss of me in work and out, she just humped harder, mashing her cunt against my dick, a big grin on her face. Then she swivelled around, keeping it inside of her as she went, giving my cock all kinds of weird sensations. Then it was back to riding me hard, reverse cowgirl, her juicy arse splaying as she took me in down to my balls.

"I've never had such an intense sucking. I heard her moan and gulp down pre-cum"

She kept telling me to fuck her harder, even though I was thrusting up as fast and deep as I could. "You want it hard? Get on your back," I said and, instantly, she flipped on the bed beside me, legs held open, a little flushed. She told me she loved rough, tough men with huge dicks. But most were too scared to make a move on a girl like her. I asked did my dick look scared – no, it looked rock-hard and made her moan as I worked my helmet against her clit. I dipped the first inch in, watched her bite her lip in anticipation. Then she let out a yowl as I gave her the other seven in one thrust.

She started to moan as I kept on fucking, pinning her to the sheets with every stroke. She liked me inside of her – when I pulled out one

time, she grabbed my arse, trying to take me back in. But the more fuss she made, the longer I left her hanging before pushing back in, juices trickling down her crack as my balls finally rested up against her bum.

She told me not to cum inside of her, said she wanted to suck me without having to wait for my next hard-on. I pulled out of her, dragging my wet dick up over her body as I went, but there were plenty of juices left for her to suck on as I crouched over her, dangling it in her mouth. She licked the crown of it, then sucked it in, tongue working around it as her hands fondled my balls.

I've never had such an intense sucking. Whether she was deepthroating it or working away at my helmet, every inch of it was throbbing. I heard her moan and gulp down pre-cum, then she'd take it deep again for a few seconds.

As I felt my spunk boil up, I tried to fight it, only for my climax to shudder through me. Diane took three hits of jizz in her mouth, letting it wash over her tongue and drip down her throat as she aimed the rest of it at her boobs. When I backed off again, shaking and sweating, I saw her totally blissed out and massaging it into her skin, nipples slipping through her fingers.

It wasn't till I'd emptied my balls that I made my stupidest move. I confessed everything about the bet with my workmates, like she'd appreciate my honesty and take it as a huge compliment. I think she was actually kind of flattered, but she told me if I said a word to anyone about this, I may as well kiss her cunt goodbye because the fucking would be over.

That's why I've got to keep it our little secret. It's hard not being able to brag about it, but I'd rather lose a bet than lose the privilege of fucking that insatiable pussy!

Ricky, Dover

STRAPPED FOR GASH

Just because I'm a bit loose doesn't mean I wasn't raised properly, so I'm writing this to thank my fuck-buddy Gemma for the strap-on she bought me for my birthday. She had me shut my eyes, ready for a surprise. I had my hands held out, only to find a big latex cock poking out of her crotch four inches in front of me. And if it's in my face, it's

going to get sucked!

I love fucking guys but anything they can do for me, Gemma can do longer, faster and dirtier with her fake dick. She walks around in it and slaps the helmet against my nips, making them hard. Then, when my fanny is foaming, she'll drill it in. Right after that, she likes me to suck it, while using a vibe on her clit. There's no sperm, obviously, but it feels like she's cumming in my mouth as her body twitches.

Of course, it doesn't just work the one way – not now anyway. She's always been the one in control, and when I mentioned wanting to stick it to her with the strap-on, she was doubtful. Sometimes I know her better than she knows herself, though. One night she came over to find me wearing just high heels and the toy – no pressure, I said, I was just trying it out for my own fun, to see how it felt to have a cock. I knew she'd get turned on and then she'd want a piece of it, and sure enough, as we made out she began to wank it.

I asked her to lie on her back – I wanted her to see exactly who was fucking her. It felt so weird, so sexy to get right in between her legs. Of course, we'd sixty-nined and gone cunt-to-cunt before. But now I was fucking her like a man, sliding a big prick into her tight snizz. Not, of course, that a man's got big tits to shove in her face for a sucking! She actually got me cumming first as her mouth pulled on my nipples, then she threw her head back, arching her cunt right up against me as I ploughed in.

Recently, she wore it on a night out in London, stuffed in tight jeans worn underneath a shirt-dress. On the tube, she sat with the bulge exposed, fucking with people's minds. All I could think was that I was going to get fucked sometime, somewhere, before we got home.

"I humped up and down, feeling Gemma's ever-stiff prick plunge into me"

I thought she'd take me into the loo at the bar, but instead we just sat in a corner booth. We started kissing, caressing each other's body, then she pulled me over to straddle her. We weren't discreet – some blokes standing close to us were soon watching, doubtless thinking they were seeing two hot girls getting frisky after too many beers, just showing off or cock-teasing. Otherwise the place was really loud and crowded.

I was wearing a dress and Gemma soon had her hand inside of my panties, pulling them sideways. I unzipped her and, between us, we managed to manoeuvre the dildo into my pussy. We began banging – even if our voyeurs thought we were just faking, it was enough to get them very horny. I humped up and down, feeling Gemma's ever-stiff prick plunge in and out of my cunt. Then her hand came down to frig my clit and it was all over. I thrust my tongue in and out of her mouth, and came all over the toy.

When I got off of her, she just sat there, jeans undone and the dildo on show – she wanted the fellas watching us to see it and wonder what the fuck they were looking at! Then I got on my

knees and gave it a sucking, before putting it back in her jeans.

Time to leave – that scene was such a turn-on, we raided the toy drawer back home and fucked each other into oblivion. So, thanks, Gemma for my big fat stiff strap-on and for driving it in my cunt so hard. If you're reading this, I'd recommend you crack open the lube and warm up your arsehole with your big butt-plug. Guess where you're taking it when I see you tonight...

Jane, Colchester

HOLIDAY HOLE

When I took my first holiday as a newly single girl, getting fucked was the last thing on my mind. As I headed to the pool at my spa hotel, it really was just to get some exercise. That's what I was doing when a guy named James sent over a cocktail; then his friend, Billy, sent another! I toasted them but didn't flirt. I'd told myself from bitter experience that fucking just meant trouble.

I was so down on dick I hadn't even packed a vibrator in my luggage, so I had to rely on my right hand that night, when I couldn't stop fantasising about the guys. Next day I made up for lost time, seeking them out. They asked if I'd got lucky the night before – I had that look about me! I said no, but maybe I would today.

I did, within the next hour. There was nobody else around, and soon I was rolling on the lounger with James, then turned around to watch Billy get naked – I actually let out a gasp as I saw how big his cock was. Then James grabbed my hand and put it down his trunks so I could feel he was packing just as much meat.

They liked me in my bikini – or half out of it. Billy popped my tits out of the top, cupping and stroking them from behind. Then James knelt down and pulled the crotch of the bottoms to one side, revealing my trimmed pink snatch.

They teased me till I was practically begging for cock. Billy focused his fingering on my nipples, while James was playing with my labia, right on the edge of my slit but not dipping in, no matter how much I squirmed. Suddenly, he poked two fingers deep inside of my cunt with one more on my clit. I gasped and kept telling him, "Fuck me..." breathing the words as he fingered my soaking twat. Now he started to lick and suck on my clit, every touch setting off a little spasm. Then my orgasm kicked in, Billy supporting my weight as I humped my cunt against his friend's face.

James said he wanted to fuck me now, to feel my sticky cunt all puffed up and tight around his dick. Billy came in front to suck on my tits, while James raised up my leg and pushed in slowly from behind, every inch of his cock making me whimper out loud. Billy took my clit, fingers rubbing against it, as James ground his prick in deep. James kept talking about my juicy cunt, telling his mate how much he was going to love fucking it.

"He poked two fingers deep inside of my cunt with one more on my clit"

That's when it really hit me what I was doing, how much of a dirty cow I was being, and my cunt clenched in pleasure around James' pole. And Billy would have felt my clit throb, too. James' fucking was so slow and easy, it caught me by surprise when he came. One more huge thrust, then I felt this warm, wet surge inside of me. Then, when he finally pulled out, Billy caught the spunk and juices, and rubbed his hand all over my tits.

Now it was Billy's turn. He knelt down on the floor and had me sit on his dick. He couldn't leave my boobs alone – when he wasn't sucking on them, he had his face buried in between them, feeling them bounce as he jiggled me on his cock. When I came I just kept on cumming, pulsing every few seconds around Billy's dick. James just watched till he was ready for a blowjob. He fed his dick in my mouth and it was like a reflex – I sucked on it like I'd never had cock before.

Billy couldn't hold back forever and he pulled out, resting his prick against my mound and creaming on my cunt. Then James slipped out of my mouth and added more. I still maintain that cock is absolutely not what I was looking for when I booked that holiday. It just happened to find me, that's all!

Vicky, Cumbria. ♣

OFF YOUR HEDONIST

Because you'll need a break from all that high-end imported porn, won't you? Well, won't you?

RATINGS: ★ LOST BOYS ★★ LOST IN SPACE ★★★ LOST WEEKEND ★★★★ LOST IN TRANSLATION ★★★★★ LOST ARK!

Lost Season 5 (Disney Home Entertainment)

Still watching? You should be. People turned off in droves after Season 2 of *Lost* seemed to hint that they didn't have the first clue where they were going but, since then, they've upped their game considerably. It's no hyperbole to say that seasons 4 and 5 have been right up there with the best of recent US serials (*House*, *True Blood* and so on), and this box set tees next years finale up beautifully. There's stacks of time travel, shocks galore, the deaths of major characters, the return of others, and a cliffhanger that has us hanging off a cliff right now. Oh, and Evangeline Lilly in a succession of tight tops. Bonzer. ★★★★★

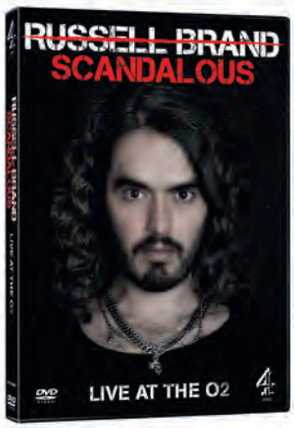
I Sell The Dead (Anchor Bay)

Lost alumni Dominic Monaghan (we hear rumours of a return for 'Charlie' in *Lost* Season 6, but we don't believe a word of it) stars in this funny throwback horror-comedy, with a good role for Mr Hellboy himself, Ron Perlman. It harks back to Hammer and Amicus studio stylings, mining a rich seam of references to the long-gone golden age of British horror, which pays dividends in terms of atmosphere too. We move from a tale of grave robbers selling the dead to grave robbers selling zombies at a fair lick. Yup, right now you can't keep away from frickin' zombies. ★★★

Mesrine (Optimum Home Entertainment)

So, which *Mesrine* do you fancy? The highly rated and lovingly reviewed recent two-parter starring Vincent Cassel as France's most notorious and charismatic criminal, or this 1984 effort with a doughy Nicolas Silberg (looking for all the world like Alan Bates) in the title role? Well, the Cassel version is infinitely superior in pretty much every way, but they're both worth a watch, probably to the chagrin of the bloke who wrote on IMDB.com that 'It's difficult to have interest in such a character. There are subjects which are not really appealing.' Yeah, who likes silly gangster films, after all? ★★★

Russell Brand – Scandalous Live at the O2 (Channel 4 DVD)



It's easy to loathe Russell Brand at first sight – those rubbish TV shows, dressing like a clown, misjudged phone calls, his stupidly named booky wook – but there's definitely some substance beyond the headlines. He wrote a pretty nifty *Guardian* sports column for a while and his stand-up, when he shifts from navel-gazing and endless tales of his indefatigable libido, is acute and harsh in just the right ways. 60 minutes is a bit mean for £20, but his own take on 'Sachsgate' and his pop at the ensuing tabloid furore are well worth a rental. ★★★

IP Man (Showbox Entertainment)

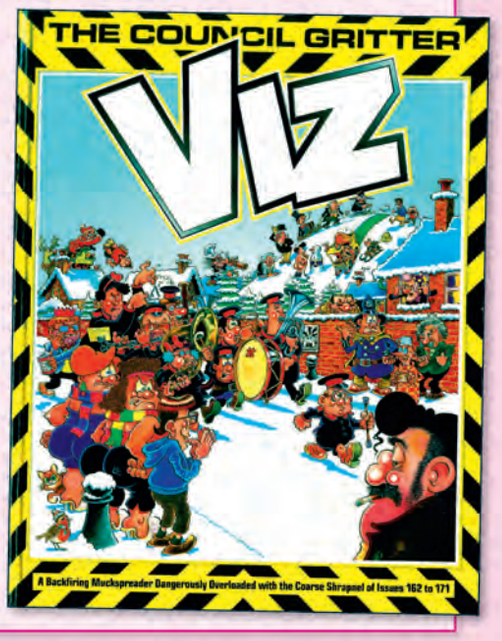
IN THE LAST GREAT WAR ONE MAN DEFIED AN EMPIRE...
"REMINISCENT OF BRUCE LEE IN FIST OF FURY"
IP MAN
MENTOR OF ICONIC LEGEND
BRUCE LEE
15
15

You'll be delighted to know this film isn't about a superhero whose special skill is Intellectual Property and it's also not about the exciting world of internet protocol. God knows but that'd be too much for one month. No, it's all about Bruce Lee's martial arts teacher and mentor, but bravely sidesteps showing us Wing Chun lessons for a tale about how Ip Man is caught up in the Japanese invasion of Foshan in 1937. It's no *Karate Kid*, but that's a good thing. ★★★

bookclub

They're good for hiding porn mags in. Well, if it's a big book, anyway...

Viz – The Council Gritter (Dennis)

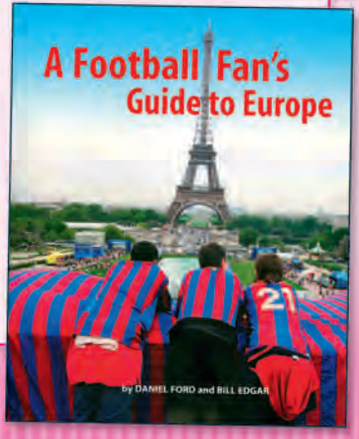

THE COUNCIL GRITTER
VIZ
A Backfiring Muckspreader Dangerously Overloaded with the Coarse Shrapnel of Issues 162 to 171

Viz has come a long way since it was launched as something you could wipe your arse on 30 years ago. While it still has many of the same beloved characters, its fortunes have fluctuated over the years. But anyone who tells you it isn't funny any more is full of shit – it's still packed with gold like Letterbocks and Top Tips, while mainstays such as Drunken Bakers and 8 Ace are the equal of bygone strips like Paul Wicker Tall Vicar. With a 30th anniversary edition on the shelves as you read this, this latest hefty Xmas annual is essential only for those who don't buy every single issue. Well, we do, and you still can't have our copy. ★★★★

The Way of Fuck it – John C. Parkin & Gaia Pollini (Hay House)

At first glance, this looks like the kind of bog-side book that would nestle happily on top of *Is it just us or is everything shit?* and suchlike. Unfortunately, it's not anywhere near as good as that. Nope, there's a strain of twee self-help here, built around Parkin and Pollini's idea that saying 'fuck it' to lots of stuff has a therapeutic effect. That's all well and good – no-one can deny the cathartic power of swearing – but do we need homilies like 'You have every reason not to be happy, but need no reason to be happy' every few pages? Save it for a fortune cookie. ★★

A Football Fan's Guide To Europe – Daniel Ford and Bill Edgar (New Holland)



While not everyone gets to support the British teams that fare pretty well in the Champions League each season, that doesn't mean that the supporters of Grays Athletic and Tonbridge Angels don't want to spend some Euros too. This book is a pocket-sized (if your pockets are fucking huge) guide to grounds and towns, from the great and the good (Real Madrid) to the somewhat obscure (Levadia Tallinn). There's info on where to get a pint, cultural stuff you can do (just drinking their beer doesn't count, for some reason) and facts and figures about the hosts. To top it off, there's a list of 'Clubs that were nearly included in this book'. Anyone for FK Rabotniaki? ★★★★

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ALEXIS FAWX
Mommy Issues 4
AF001
FORBIDDEN FRUITS FILMS
Lesbian Erotica with a Twist
JODI WEST & DAVA FOXX
Beautiful Bi-Sexual GIRLFRIENDS VOLUME 3
AF002
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Bubble Butt A S 4
ANGELA WHITE
AF003
GIRLFRIENDS FILMS
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STARRING
KYOKO SUZUKI
JAPANESE LUST
AF016

AF017

AF018

AF019

AF020

AF021

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PEACHES

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NEIGHBOUR KNOB

I've got a real taste for playing with fire and fucking men I really shouldn't. In one job I did the boss' son, on the boss' desk, with the boss due back from lunch any second. My most recent conquest is a neighbour from just around the corner, who I'll call Steve. I've met his wife at the pub once or twice and like her, but my pussy always wins over my conscience. Steve obviously had a little crush on me, which made me want his cock even more.

After a house party at their place, I acted drunk and convinced him to walk me home. As I took my keys from my handbag, I let something fall out onto the ground. Steve bent to pick it up and saw it was my knickers. Next, he saw me hike up my skirt to give him a flash of naked, shaved pussy. In case he didn't get the hint, I slipped a finger inside and offered him a suck.

Now I gave up the pretence of being drunk and led him indoors and through to my bedroom, losing the rest of my clothes. He got naked too and there wasn't much foreplay – he was hard and I was juiced up with anticipation. He just wanted a serving of my hot, wet hole right now and I was desperate to feel his prick inside of it.

"I gave it one teasing stir in my snatch, then stuck it in my arse, spreading to take it"

I got in the doggie position and hung onto the headboard as Steve's dick steamed into my cunt and pounded me like he hadn't got any in a year. He slowed down for a moment, buried deep and breathing hard, and I frigged myself so he could feel me orgasm around his cock. Then he gave it to me high and hard again, grunting as a big load spurted out into my hole.

I'd misjudged his marriage. He wasn't some poor, deprived husband – his wife likes cock as much as I do. He just liked messing around with fresh pussy when he could. He told me she really loved being fucked in the arse, and asked if I did too. I said that, at University, I'd been known on my campus for liking it in the bum. Maybe that's where I got my taste for other women's blokes – the boyfriends of nice girls who wouldn't put out, suck dick or do backdoor came knocking sooner or later. I told him how some big football guy had lubed my bum with his tongue then slid me a length, making me moan so loud his mate had to give me a mouthful of cock to quiet me down!

Meanwhile, Steve's wet fingers were painting a trail to my bumhole. I laid him on his back and wanked his dick against my slit, getting him hard again. I gave it one teasing stir in my snatch, then stuck it in my arse, spreading my thighs to take it deeper. He pulled me backward to caress my tits and, as I touched my clit, I started climaxing. There's something about anal – I cum so fast and it's explosive, even more than when I take a hard slamming in my cunt.

Steve's hands were busy on my arse, kneading my buttocks and putting me where he wanted me. He fucked me with shallow strokes, sometimes just wedging his cockhead in my ring so I could squeeze it tight. But when he started cumming he pushed in deep, flooding my arsehole with warm jizz.

Since that night we've fucked on and off – straightforward, nasty sex. It's like we're testing how daring we can make a quickie. One night he interrupted a fuck-session with his wife, saying he was going out to buy her some

champagne. No lie, but he detoured via my place on the way back.

I'm not sure he even said hello, just told me, "Bend over…" Then he power-fucked my twat and got me to suck him clean to hide any evidence! I'm no homewrecker – I wouldn't want to split up a couple. But forbidden dick somehow always tastes sweeter.

Samantha, Bournemouth

CAKE AND COCK

I decided to bake my boyfriend Colin a birthday cake with a little help from a girlfriend – Danielle, a culinary genius! Well, compared to me anyway. I can burn a cup of tea. Colin was late getting home, so we drank some of the rum we'd used to flavour the cake, getting a little tipsy. Danielle kept staring at my boobs in my low-cut top, then grabbed a spoon of heavy cream and flicked it at me, splattering it all over them. I can never resist joining in a food fight, so that's how Colin and his best mate, Roger, came in to find me topless with Danielle sucking cream off of my nipples.

That beat the hell out of cake, but we sampled it anyway. Then Colin dared me to get naked and sit my arse down in the rest of it. I can never resist a dare either! Danielle filmed me on her mobile as I sunk myself down, feeling the soft, moist cake squish up against my cheeks, crack and slit, the booze in it making my most sensitive parts tingle.

So, how to clean up? Colin got first lick as I bent over the table, lapping my box clean of icing and then dipping his tongue in deep. His fingers found my clit, the sugar building friction. Then he slathered more cake in between my legs and told Roger to chow down. Roger ate me harder, slightly rougher, hands caressing my bum, then he poured a slug of rum down my slit and slurped that up too.

Now it was Danielle's turn, except she wanted a little salt with her sugar. "Let me see you fuck her first," she said, splaying my cheeks wide, and Colin, rock hard from eating my cunt, rammed into me. He fucked me slow, rubbing handfuls of creamy mush all over my tits. Meanwhile, Roger had a diamond cutter hard-on that Danielle wasn't going to waste. Sideways on to us so they could both watch the fuck-show, she licked and sucked his cock.

It was the rudest sex Colin and I had experienced in a while – taking his dick in front of our friends got me juiced. Plus, I'm usually fussy about how I look, so I got a kinky thrill from feeling so fuckable when I was one big mess. Colin tried to hold back as long as he could, but as I rubbed my clit and felt my pussy tense, his dick was straining to cum. I'd felt his balls swing against my pussy lips, but now they felt tighter, more bunched up, ready to blow.

As he groaned that he was cumming, Danielle spit out Roger's cock and shuffled over, grabbing Colin's nuts and squeezing them, making sure I took his full, spurting load deep in my cunt.

Now she called Roger over and used a sticky hand to tug him up against my arse. All the while she was talking dirty to both of us. "Look at you splaying her cheeks, you dirty bastard," she breathed. "Just looking at that tight little arsehole, wishing your cock was ploughing into it…"

Convincing me I wanted him inside of my arse was easy. Colin – still recovering – said Roger had always wanted to slip me a length and he was fine with it too. He grabbed the mobile and started to film as Roger slid his juice-lubed dick in my arsehole. I moaned, creaming hard as he pumped in and out. He didn't last much longer and pulled out, splashing my crack with jizz.

"He started to film as Roger slid his juice-lubed dick in my arsehole"

Now Danielle moved in, gobbling the cum, the cream, the juices – all she could eat from my dripping slit. And that just got me cumming more. Once we'd had our fill, the next stop was the shower, and then the bedroom. Danielle wasn't Roger's usual type of girl, but one of her blowjobs could hook any man. And I also had kinky birthday stuff to do to Colin. Which isn't to say there wasn't some swapping through the night, or that we didn't all hook up later so the guys could watch their own private lezzie show…

Tina, Newcastle

PARK PUCKER

I read your magazine a lot, and I especially like reading about the experiences of other female readers. Most of all though, I like hearing their anal sex stories. I've always been so turned on by them, and it was reading them that inspired me to get my own arse fucked about three years ago, to see what all the fuss was about. Did it live up to my expectations? No, it exceeded them! I'm now a convert to anal, and I pretty much demand it from my men whenever I can. Well, whenever my pussy needs a break, anyway. It gives a girl options!

My first time in the arse, I waited for the third date with a man I knew would be pretty special. His name was Glenn, and he took me to his local park, which had one of those outdoor film screen things running through summer. Of course, the films were pretty dull, so we just got off with each other a lot on a blanket underneath a tree.

Anyway, Glenn was squeezing my big firm tits, kneading my nipples just how I like it. I had my tongue halfway down his throat, urging him on. Just so he really knew what I wanted, I spread my legs really wide. I wanted his fingers in my cunt, and now! He got the message, and eased my sheer panties to one side and plumbed the depths of my twat until I was whimpering in pleasure, and his hand was soaked all over with my cunt juices. "Mmm, that's nice," I told him, "but now I want you to finger my arse. I like to get dirty!"

He continued finger-fucking my fanny a while, though, and I thought maybe he hadn't heard me. But it turned out he was just getting some natural lube on his fingers, ready to probe my puckered backdoor.

First, he tickled around my forbidden entrance, teasing the sensitive skin there. That felt good. Then he slid his index finger in to the first knuckle… Shortly, he had that finger in up to the lower knuckle, while he licked on my clit too. This was good, and I knew I wanted it to go further. "Fuck me, Glenn. I want your cock… in my arse."

We couldn't do it with all these people around – they'd end up watching us rather than the film – so we picked up our blanket and went to find a quieter spot. Glenn wasn't just picked for my first arse fuck because he was a great guy – it was because his cock was slim and a decent length, and I thought it would be quite comfortable until I went with a bigger man in my rear fuckbucket.

I kept my heels on, because I felt so sexy in them, and my skirt – which I may as well have left at home, as it turned out – bunched up around my waist. After coating his lovely prick in pussy fluid, Glenn pushed it up against my backdoor and masterfully proceeded to nail my bum. He slid his dick in easily, and I found I relaxed very quickly for his delicious tool. He took it slowly at first, but soon figured I wouldn't break when I told him to "Bang that arse hard!"

He did as he was told, fucking my bum deep and long while I played with my clit and reached down to grip his balls now and again as they slapped against me. Glenn came first, pulling out, whipping off his condom and shooting the whole load over my arsecheeks in true porn style. How I loved that! I finished myself off with my fingers soon after. A fucking great night. Thanks, Glenn – wherever you are!

Lucy, Clapham. ♣

Got a tale to contribute to Club's arse archive?
Send your bum banter to: **Peaches, Club International, 3rd Floor, 207 Old Street, London EC1V 9NR**, or you can e-mail them to us at ***clubint@paulraymond.com***. There's £50 for every letter we print, so remember to include your name and address. Don't worry, we'll change all the names to protect the not-so-innocent!

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Titlicious (Digital Playground)

We've immensely enjoyed DP's niche titles of late. *Jack's Big Tit Show*, *Jack's Big Ass Show*, *Jack's Big Flappy Flaps Show*. Obviously we made one of those names up, but we're not telling which. This one is all about the generously top-cunted, with familiar faces such as Shyla Stylez and Melissa Lauren soaking up suds while squeezing their uncannily large chesticles together. Whether surgeon-assisted (and we reckon a couple of those could sue their doctors) or all natural, no-one went broke pandering to tit fans. Us included.

★★★★

30 Love (Wicked)

You'd expect this review to be heavy on the tennis jokes, wouldn't you? You'd think it would be all 'she soaks him with her love deuce' this and 'nice backhand stroke' that, wouldn't you? But we don't do that here. We're bigger than that. Instead, we're concentrating on the premium MILF action herein, because porn stars are rubbish at tennis anyway. Seriously, have you heard of Dyanna Lauren beating one of the Williams sisters recently? No, you haven't. Lex Steele smashing Roger Federer off the court? Nope. We rest our case. And... oh, we ran out of review space.

★★★

Nikki Jayne – The Making of a Porn Star (Harmony)

Not sure how much of this is brand new material – some of the stuff on here is pretty familiar and recycled to our trained eyes – but this is still a great primer for people new to British sensation Nikki Jayne, who is causing a stir in the States too – as all our finest girls do. There's her casting, some stuff from *Porn Week*, her guzzling down two dicks – which she makes look a lot easier than it is in reality – lezzie trysts with the always welcome Poppy Morgan and Katie K. In other words, we're giving short odds on you shooting air by the time you've finished with this.

★★★★

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POOLS APART!

Swimming? Brea much prefers rimming, thanks very much...

PHOTOS: 21ST SEXTURY

A girl next to a swimming pool? The deep end jokes make themselves, thanks very much. And Brea has heard 'em all.

"It's not even my pool," she giggles. "I'm not really one for swimming, I prefer to hang out at poolside and work on my tan."

That's pretty low energy.

"Well, I've got to conserve my energy for the evening fucking. It's too hot to fuck here in the day, but at night I can really go for it. And believe me, I go for it."

We believe you, Brea, but we'd believe you more if you told us details.

"Oh, you want the dirty details? Well, let's just say I have oral cravings, and I don't stop at the dick. I love the way the porn star Annette Schwarz can deepthroat dick and balls at the same time. I can't do that yet, but I'm working on it. And I don't stop there. I like to let my tongue wander to a man's arse too. Now, is that dirty enough for you?"

Yes, thanks. Now, fancy a dip? ♣

Brea is a much badder girl at:

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BREA

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A**E RIPPIN' FUN
36P per minute
STRETCH MY TIGHT JUST LEGAL 18+ A**E
0984 560 0210

Calls recorded, 36p per minute plus 'Access Charge'. 18+ . We may send free promo SMS. 'STOP' to 89077. Datapro Services Ltd. CCL: 0203 455 2145.

36P DOMINATION PERVERSION
PER MINUTE
COCK PUNISHMENT
0984 560 0224
FORCED TO EAT CUNT
0984 560 0226

Calls recorded, 36p per minute plus 'Access Charge'. 18+. We may send free SMS. 'STOP' to 89077 to opt out. Datapro Services Ltd. CCL.0203 455 2145.

CUM QUEENS
SWAP MESSAGES, PICS & VIDS!
Text: QUEEN
To: 69997
Texts cost £1.50 per msg received. Max 3 replies per msg sent
FILTHY LIVE PHONE SEX WITH CUM LOVING SLUTS!
09845 755 737

I GOT CAUGHT PLAYING WITH MY PUSSY!
Call me if you wanna listen
09823 461 745
TEXT TO SEE THE XXX PICS & VIDS!
text WATCHX to 69997
Texts cost £1.50 per msg received. Max 3 replies per msg sent

Texts cost £1.50 per msg received. Max 3 replies per msg sent
PUSSY LOVERS CRAVE COCK!
text CRAVE to 89098
CUM PLAY WITH US!
09845 755 739

POSH HOUSEWIFE 09823 461 748
LOVES TO SHAG RANDOM MEN!
Text: DIRTYX
To: 89098
Texts cost £1.50 per msg received. Max 3 replies per msg sent
HEAR ME MOAN OR WATCH ME FUCK!

KINKY FUCK MATE
LET'S PLAY DIRTY
09823 461 749
HARDCORE ROLEPLAY WITH THE FILTHIEST FETISH BABES!
text XPLAY to 89098
Texts cost £1.50 per msg received. Max 3 replies per msg sent

Worldwide Digital Media Ltd PO Box 143 BN18 8DF. Calls to 09097 cost 36p per min, 09823 calls cost 65p per min, & calls to 09845 cost £1.55 per min, plus your phone company's access charge. Live calls are recorded to comply with PSA Regulations. Live service provided by Luv2chat. Texts cost £1.50 per text received, max 3 replies per text sent. Standard network charges apply for texts sent. This is an adult fantasy entertainment text chat service with no possibility of meeting made or implied. Some automated messages may be sent for billing purposes. Service provided by Luv2text. Users must be over 18 and have the bill payer's permission, service details will appear on and be charged to your telephone bill. All models were over 18 years at time of photo. Text STOP to 69997 to stop service. We reserve the right to send you future promotional messages. Calls to 0203 and +44203 are for Credit card payments for Live Adult Chat. You must be over 18 years old and be the card holder or have the card holders permission to complete the transaction. Live chat billed in £ Sterling from £1.00 per minute. To opt out of receiving marketing messages text OPTOUT to 69997. Help line 033 33 13 00 18.

PERVERTED DOMINATRIX

SEEKS WORTHY SLAVE!

36p per minute

CONGRATULATIONS!

YOU'RE MY NEW BITCH!

0984 560 0523

Calls recorded and cost 36p per minute plus 'Access Charge'. Callers must be 18+. We may send free promo SMS. Send 'STOP' to 89077 to opt out. Service provided by Datapro Services Ltd. Careline: 0203 455 2145.

ASIAN SLUTS

HOT LIVE FUCK

GENUINE ASIAN CUTIES HUNGRY FOR DICK

CALL THEM NOW ON

0984 560 0545

XXX CHAT 36p per minute

All calls are recorded and cost 36p per minute plus 'Access Charge'. Callers must be 18+. We may send free promo SMS. Send 'STOP' to 89077 to opt out. Service provided by Datapro Services Ltd. Careline: 0203 455 2145.

YOU WILL OBEY!

THE STRICTEST MISTRESSES

XXX LIVE DOMINATION

ONLY 36p per minute

HIGHLY EXPERIENCED

EXTREME DISCIPLINE

0984 560 0559

Calls recorded. 36p per minute plus 'Access Charge'. 18+. We may send free promo SMS. 'STOP' to 89077 to opt out. Datapro Services Ltd. Careline: 0203 455 2145.

HORNY WIVES

BORED AT HOME

AVAILABLE NOW FOR

filthy FUCKING

0984 560 0546

36p per minute

All calls are recorded and cost 36p per minute plus 'Access Charge'. Callers must be 18+. We may send free promo SMS. Send 'STOP' to 89077 to opt out. Service provided by Datapro Services Ltd. Careline: 0203 455 2145.

LIVE SEX

ALL CALLS COST 36P PER MINUTE plus 'Access Charge'

MATURE HOUSEWIVES OLDER, EXPERIENCED HORNY LADIES ONLINE NOW!	0984 560 0560
BARELY LEGAL GIRLS 18+ LOOKING FOR FUN? XXX CHAT 24 / 7	0984 560 0561
GENUINE SINGLE WOMEN SEXY SINGLES WAITING FOR YOUR CALL - NIGHT & DAY!	0984 560 0562
DOMINATION BY MISTRESS THE STRICTEST DISCIPLINE AWAITS YOU!	0984 560 0563

Calls recorded. 36p per minute plus 'Access Charge'. 18+. We may send free promo SMS. 'STOP' to 89077 to opt out. Datapro Services Ltd. Careline: 0203 455 2145.

BLACK BOOTY

HARDCORE EBONY RELIEF!

NEW 36p per minute

0984 560 0524

Calls Recorded. 36p per minute plus 'Access Charge' 18+ We may send free promo SMS 'STOP' to 89077 to opt out. Datapro Services Ltd. CCL. 0208 114 2016.

CALLS COST 36P PER MINUTE PLUS ACCESS CHARGE

SPANKING 0984 560 0525

A**L SEX 0984 560 0526

BIG WOMEN 0984 560 0527

Calls Recorded. 36p per minute plus 'Access Charge' 18+ We may send free promo SMS 'STOP' to 89077 to opt out. Datapro Services Ltd. CCL. 0208 114 2016.

DESPERATE HOUSEWIVES

SEEKING NO-STRINGS FUCK SESSION!

36p PER MINUTE

I'M HOME ALONE & FEELING EXTREMELY HORNY

0984 560 0547

Calls recorded. 36p per minute plus 'Access Charge' 18+ We may send free promo SMS 'STOP' to 89077 to opt out. Datapro Services Ltd. CCL. 0203 455 2145.

100% A**E LIVE 1-2-1

only 36p per minute

BACK DOOR WHORES

0984 560 0548

Calls recorded. 36p per minute plus 'Access Charge' 18+ We may send free promo SMS 'STOP' to 89077 to opt out. Datapro Services Ltd. CCL. 0203 455 2145.

18+ TEEN SLUT

PUMP MY PUSSY FULL OF YOUR HOT CUM

FUCK ME HARD & DEEP IN MY HOT TIGHT PINK CUNT!

36p per minute

0984 560 0528

Calls recorded and cost 36p per minute plus 'Access Charge'. Callers must be 18+. We may send free promo SMS. Send 'STOP' to 89077 to opt out. Service provided by Datapro Services Ltd. Careline: 0203 455 2145.

GRANNY

XXX CHAT 36p per minute

GAGGING FOR SEX!

LISTEN TO ME FINGER MY RIPE HOLE

SAGGY OLD SEX SLUT

0984 560 0549

Calls recorded. 36p per minute plus 'Access Charge' 18+ We may send free promo SMS 'STOP' to 89077 to opt out. Datapro Services Ltd. CCL. 0203 455 2145.

DIRTY OLD BINT

OVER 50 FUCK

LIVE XXX CHAT

36p per minute

0984 560 0550

Calls recorded. 36p per minute plus 'Access Charge' 18+ We may send free promo SMS 'STOP' to 89077 to opt out. Datapro Services Ltd. CCL. 0203 455 2145.

PURE FILTH

only 36p per minute

EXTREME PHONE SEX LINE

0984 560 0564

Calls recorded. 36p per minute plus 'Access Charge' 18+. We may send free promo SMS. 'STOP' to 89077 to opt out. Datapro Services Ltd. Careline: 0203 455 2145.

BLACK GIRLS

Bang my hot, black booty!

LIVE 1-2-1 FILTH

0984 560 0529

36p per minute

Calls recorded and cost 36p per minute plus 'Access Charge'. Callers must be 18+. We may send free promo SMS. Send 'STOP' to 89077 to opt out. Service provided by Datapro Services Ltd. Careline: 0203 455 2145.

XXX FILTH LIVE

The filthiest fetish ever!

GET YOUR COCK OUT & CALL

ALL CALLS COST 36P PER MINUTE plus 'Access Charge'

Sniff Damp Knickers	0984 560 0551
Strap on Mistress	0984 560 0552
Cum on my Toes	0984 560 0553
Lady Boys Special!	0984 560 0554

All calls are recorded and cost 36p per minute plus 'Access Charge'. Callers must be 18+. We may send free promo SMS. Send 'STOP' to 89077 to opt out. Service provided by Datapro Services Ltd. Careline: 0203 455 2145.

FUCK MY BIG TITS

only 36p per minute

0984 560 0565

Calls recorded. 36p per minute plus 'Access Charge'. 18+ only. We may send free promo SMS. Send 'STOP' to 89077 to opt out. Datapro Services Ltd. Careline: 0203 455 2145.

DIRTY PHONE SEX

STRICT DISCIPLINE 0984 560 0530

ORIENTAL BEAUTIES 0984 560 0531

DIRTY OLD GRANNY 0984 560 0532

Calls recorded and cost 36p per minute plus 'Access Charge'. Callers must be 18+. We may send free promo SMS. Send 'STOP' to 89077 to opt out. Service provided by Datapro Services Ltd. Careline: 0203 455 2145.

MISTRESS SEEKS SLAVE

LIVE XXX 121

36p per minute

JUST BEG!

FOR ULTIMATE RELIEF

0984 560 0555

Calls recorded. 36p per minute plus 'Access Charge' 18+ We may send free promo SMS 'STOP' to 89077 to opt out. Datapro Services Ltd. CCL. 0203 455 2145.

HARD SEX MILFS LIVE

36p per minute

CALL: 0984 560 0556

Calls recorded. 36p per minute plus 'Access Charge' 18+. We may send free promo SMS. 'STOP' to 89077 to opt out. Datapro Services Ltd. CCL. 0203 455 2145.

filthy LIVE 121

I'LL MAKE YOU CUM!

All calls cost 36p per minute

PARTY GIRLS	0984 560 0566
JUST 18	0984 560 0567
MATURE	0984 560 0568
DOMINATION	0984 560 0569
ASIAN BABES	0984 560 0570
PURE FILTH	0984 560 0571

WANK YOURSELF OFF WITH OUR HORNY SLUTS!

Calls recorded. 36p per minute plus 'Access Charge'. 18+ only. We may send free promo SMS. Send 'STOP' to 89077 to opt out. Datapro Services Ltd. Careline: 0203 455 2145.

FILTHY LIVE 121 SEX

ALL CALLS COST 36P PER MINUTE plus 'Access Charge'

KNICKER LOVERS	0984 560 0533
DOMINATION	0984 560 0534
FOOT FETISH	0984 560 0535
BIG TITS	0984 560 0536
JUST LEGAL FUN	0984 560 0537
BUM FUN!	0984 560 0538
ASIAN BABES	0984 560 0539
BLACK GIRLS	0984 560 0540
HOUSEWIVES	0984 560 0541
OLDER WOMEN	0984 560 0542
PURE FILTH	0984 560 0543

XXX filth only 36p per minute

CHICKS WITH DICKS Call: 0984 560 0544

Calls recorded and cost 36p per minute plus 'Access Charge'. Callers must be 18+. We may send free promo SMS. Send 'STOP' to 89077 to opt out. Service provided by Datapro Services Ltd. Careline: 0203 455 2145.

BIG JUGS LIVE SEX

ONLY 36p per minute

0984 560 0557

Calls recorded. 36p per minute plus 'Access Charge' 18+ We may send free promo SMS 'STOP' to 89077 to opt out. Datapro Services Ltd. CCL. 0203 455 2145.

DIRTY LIVE SEX FILTHY GRANNY

ONLY 36p per minute

0984 560 0558

Calls recorded. 36p per minute plus 'Access Charge' 18+. We may send free promo SMS. Send 'STOP' to 89077. Datapro Services Ltd. CCL. 0203 455 2145.

FANCY A FUCK? CALL US NOW! 0203 898 0074

SLUTTY GRAN LOVES BIG COCKS!
"I'LL DO THINGS TO YOU THAT YOU'VE NEVER EXPERIENCED BEFORE!"
CALL OR TEXT NOW! 09823 461 753
TEXT ME NOW TO SWAP FILTHY MESSAGES & PICS!
Text: XSLUTS To: 89126
Texts cost £1.50 per msg received. Max 3 replies per msg sent

LET'S TALK FUCKING FILTH LIVE! 09097 453 169
Texting TEENS 18+
"I want you to fuck my smooth wet pussy!"
text XCUTE to 89126
Texts cost £1.50 per msg received. Max 3 replies per msg sent

XRATED
KINKY BITCH
THERE'S NO PLEASURE WITHOUT PAIN
09845 755 743
You must text the Mistress now. She demands it!
Text: XPERV To: 89126
Texts cost £1.50 per msg received. Max 3 replies per msg sent

CALL NOW TO HEAR ME FUCKING LIVE! 09823 461 756
TEXT ME NOW & SEE ME GET FUCKED OVER THE KITCHEN COUNTER!
Text: HWIVES To: 89126
Texts cost £1.50 per msg received. Max 3 replies per msg sent

HAVE YOU BEEN A BAD BOY?
CALL OR TEXT OFFICER PETRA TO SERVE YOUR PUNISHMENT!
09845 755 745
Text: OFFICER To: 89126
Texts cost £1.50 per msg received. Max 3 replies per msg sent

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ONLY 36P PER MINUTE

★ IT'S A FILTHYCHEAP ★ WANKFEST!

ALL CALLS JUST 36P!

★ ALL GIRLS ARE ★ LIVE & 1-2-1

ONLY 36P PER MINUTE

0984 560 0419

0984 560 0420

0984 560 0425

KNICKERS
LIVE 1-2-1
BREATHE in my strong PUSSY STENCH FROM MY DAMP KNIX
I'LL HOLD THEM OVER YOUR FACE AND MAKE YOU BREATHE DEEP!
"Sniff my Kni
CALL NOW • CALL NOW • CALL NO

0984 560 0427

0984 560 0434

COUGARS
I'LL SHOW U FILTH YOU NEVER EVEN DREAMED OF!
XXX HARDCORE
I'LL RIDE YOU LIKE A WILD CAT!
FILL UP EVERY HOLE
WHEN I DECIDE I WANT YOU I DON'T TAKE NO FOR AN ANSWER

0984 560 0452

BANGKOK CHICK BOYS
BEND ME OVER AND USE MY ARSE AS A CUNT!
I won't tell it'll be our little secret!
TOO HOT TO RESIST!
ALL NOW • CALL NOW • CALL N

0984 560 0456

LIVE1-2-1 • LIVE1-2-1 • LIVE1-2
POSH TOTTY
I always get what I want, and I want your COCK!
SPOILED LITTLE PRINCESS
YOUNG POSH & FILTHY
CALL NOW • CALL NOW • CALL NOW • CAL

0984 560 0460

0984 560 0462

Calls recorded. 36p per minute plus 'Access Charge'. Callers must be 18+. We may send free promo SMS. Send 'STOP' to 89077 to opt out. Datapro Services Ltd, Careline: 0203 455 2145.

MORE BACK ISSUES THAN YOU CAN SHAKE YOUR TACKLE AT!

GET THEM NOW @... WWW.PAULRAYMOND.XXX

Contact Real Local Girls Who FUCK for FREE Mob: 07441 915 553

ROLEPLAY GAMES SEX WITHOUT LIMITS!!! YOU MIGHT LIKE IT
0908 145 0500

LISTEN TO GRAN
HAVING A SERIOUSLY HARDCORE FUCK ON THE PHONE HEAR HER CUNT GET POUNDED
"HEAR ME CUM -LIVE"
0982 505 1103 35p per minute

50 YEAR OLD SHARON 35p per minute
OLD BIRD READY FOR DIRTY FILTHY FUCKING
0982 505 0561

COUNCIL ESTATE GRANNY
ROUGH AS FUCK
35p PER MINUTE
SLIDE INTO MY SAGGY WET OLD CREAMY FANNY
SHES HAPPIEST WHEN SHE'S FULL OF DICK-ANY HOLE!
0982 505 0589

HEAR & WANK
"GRAB YOUR COCK & WANK - LISTEN TO ME SLIDE MY FINGERS IN"
FILTHY SHIT DIRT CHEAP 35p PER MINUTE
BEST WANK EVER
0982 505 0581

30 SEC WANK with our Grannies 35p
0982 505 1103
CHEAPEST GRANNY WANK!

18+ 'N' EAGER TO PLEASE
"listen to me frigg my wet teenage fanny"
35p
0982 505 2074

Black girls FUCK dirtier
35p per minute
SUPER SEXY BLACK FILTH
"Fuck My Black Holes"
0982 505 0602

TEEN 18+ JUST LEGAL
Listen as she fucks her TIGHT virgin pussy!
0908 145 2668

30-SECOND PHONE CUM LINE
35p per minute
HORNY GIRLS AT HOME DRIPPING WET AND LEGS OPEN WIDE READY!
0982 505 2075

COCK & BALL TORTURE
OBEY YOUR MISTRESS
35p per minute
Submit PUSSY Boy
0982 505 1605

Thai Babes
stretch their tiny tight holes wide open
35p per minute
0982 505 1612

ladyboys WANT THEIR TIGHT ASSHOLES PENETRATED DEEP 35p per minute
Your Dirty Secret is Safe with Me
CALL 0982 505 1610

GRANNY SEX
55+ YEAR OLD
DIRTY OLD BIRD READY TO SPREAD HER CUNT WIDE OPEN
35p PER MINUTE
0982 505 1101

JUST LEGAL 18+
College Babes wank OFF now!
35p per minute
THEY HAVE NO SHAME
0982 505 1463

Milf sex
ONLY 35p per minute
"fuck me raw"
The Best Fuck You'll Ever Have!
0982 505 0573

CUCKOLD phone SEX
LET YOUR women get FUCKED
35p per minute
WATCH HER!!!
Listen To Her Taking A Monster COCK
0982 505 0569

NO BULLSHIT JUST HORNY SLUTS THAT LOVE A GOOD FUCKING
CUNT, A** & MOUTH
35p PER MINUTE
USE THE FUCKING LOT ENJOY
0982 505 1486

QUICK DIRTY RELIEF
CHEAP WANK
RELAX & UNZIP
JERK OFF WITH OUR HOT BI*CHES IN THEIR OWN HOMES. THIS IS 100% SPUNKED UP. WA*K WITH THEM NOW
CHEAP FILTH LIVE
GET READY TO SPUNK
0908 140 2460

horny Grandmother will take it up her bum!
Take advantage of her saggy old pussy now!
35p per minute
Call 0982 505 0414

Filthy Girls Who Can't Keep their Knickers on text: 07441 915 094

This Service is provided by LiveLines UK Ltd. 0982 Calls cost 35p per minute + network access charges apply. 0908 Calls cost 45p per minute + network access charges apply. Calls are recorded. Helpline: 0333 200 2321. All users must be aged over 18+ and have the bill payers permission. PO6538 NN2 7YN. Mobile users may receive free promotional messages, call 0333 200 2321 to opt out of these. Payments@livelinesuk.com. This service is for entertainment purposes only.

Contact Real Local Girls Who FUCK for FREE Mob: 07441 915 553

35p PER MINUTE
PSYCHO FUCK
CALL NOW FOR LIVE DIRTY FUCKING
ITS SO INTENSE DIRTY ROUGH SEX - YOU'LL FUCKING LOVE IT
0982 505 0572

94 YEAR OLD GRANNY
WELCOMES ANY COCK SHE CAN GET
SHE FINGERS HER TIRED OLD CUNT JUST WAITING FOR MEN WHO JUST NEED A GOOD FUCK
35p per minute
X-RATED OAP SEX
0982 505 1460

See Dirty PICS of Girls Who FUCK For FREE text: 07441 915 094

This Service is provided by LiveLines UK Ltd. 0982 Calls cost 35p per minute + network access charges apply. 0908 Calls cost 45p per minute + network access charges apply. Calls are recorded. Helpline: 0333 200 2321. All users must be aged over 18+ and have the bill payers permission. PO6538 NN2 7YN. Mobile users may receive free promotional messages, call 0333 200 2321 to opt out of these. Payments@livelinesuk.com. This service is for entertainment purposes only.

Martin

MARY QUEEN OF MOTTS!

The pole truth, and nothing but the truth...

PHOTOS: RUDEBOY

Let's get something clear, Mary is not a pole dancer.

"A friend of mine said it was a new fitness trend," Mary tells us, "and she said it was a whole lot more fun than step or pilates."

Was she right?

"Definitely. I'm not ready to have one installed in my garage just yet, but it's basically just a sexy way of dancing. It keeps me in trim."

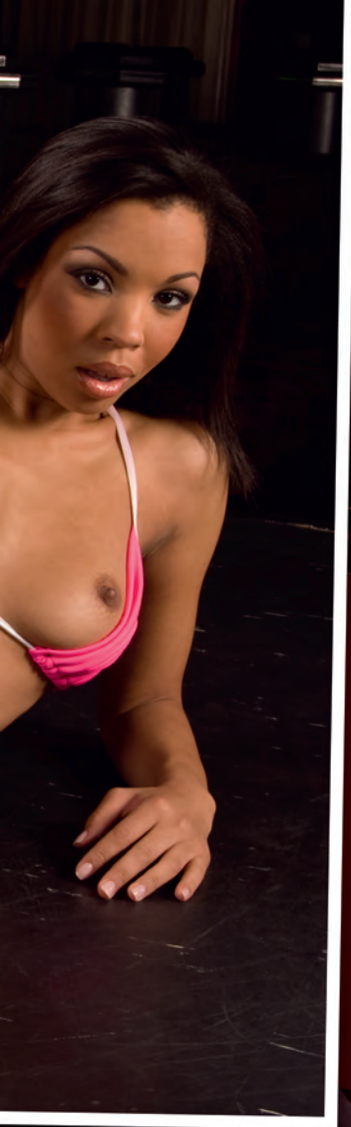
Any chance of a personal demonstration?

"Well, I'm not really a natural. I fell off the pole twice in my last session. Which is something I'd never do with my favourite kind of pole."

You're talking about cocks, right? Right?

"Right. Sorry, was I being too subtle? Let's just say that once I'm on a cock, I don't slide off until it's blown its load. And if I had to choose just one kind of exercise to do for the rest of my life, it wouldn't involve metal!" ♣

MARY



Want to see more of Mary's muffin? Go to:
www.paulraymond.com/club

STICK IT IN THE REAR!

CHECK OUT MORE RUBBISH THAT'S BEEN FILLING UP OUR INBOX. GOT MORE TO SEND? GET IT OVER TO clubint@paulraymond.com

TRAIN OF FOOLS
Privatisation continues to make the UK's rail service the envy of the world. A signal failure or a sense of humour failure?

THE LAIRY BIKERS
Or Mad Max 2: Beyond the Millennium Dome. Bear in mind that a top hat doesn't make you Top Cat. It makes you a top twat.

FUCK GOTH
I don't fancy yours much. Or his much. Or theirs much. In fact, I need to go and lie down and forget all about this.

GOOD SET OF BAGPIPES
The first worthwhile use of tartan in the history of the world.

O.A.PENIS
This is how we'd like to grow old: disgracefully and with no shame.

YOU'VE COT TO BE KIDDING
Cage fighting just got more interesting. Either that or someone needs to call social services.

PG WORLD
"Hi, you've reached technical support. Your call is chimp-ortant to us. Just turn it off and on again. Etc."

EXT ISSUE • NEXT ISSUE • NEXT ISSUE • NEXT ISSUE • NEXT ISSUE • NEXT ISSUE • NEXT ISSUE • NEXT ISSUE • NEXT ISSUE • NEXT ISSUE • NEXT ISSUE • NEXT ISSUE • NEXT ISS

ISSUE 38.13
ON SALE
3RD DECEMBER
2009

MEGGAN

SHE'S GOT SOCKS APPEAL!

Looks like Stella's got her groove back!

Feel free to rest your pints on Saffron's bubble bum!

Hot, dirty and wearing fuck me boots? It's almost too much!

Contact Real Local Girls Who F*CK for FREE Mob: 07441 915 553

CHEAP W*NK LINES

CALL NOW & SHOOT YOUR LOAD

35p per minute

Milf

0982 505 1600 - DIRTY FILTHY PHONE SEX
0982 505 1601 - FILTHY GRANNIES F*CK ROUGH
0982 505 1602 - CUM RELIEF IN SECONDS
0982 505 1603 - GRANNY WANTS MORE SEX!!!
0982 505 1604 - SQUEEZE INSIDE MY TIGHT C*NT
0982 505 1610 - BLACK GIRLS DO IT DIRTIER
0982 505 1605 - SWEET TEEN 1ST TIMERS 18+
0982 505 1606 - SAGGY GRANNY BUCKET C*NT
0982 505 1609 - 50+ GAGGING FOR SEX NOW
0982 505 1607 - BIG TITTED GIRLS VERY F*CKABLE
0982 505 1608 - VERY HORNY TEENAGERS 18+

(Call cost 35p per minute + your phone company's access charge)

C*CK & BALL PUNISHMENT SUBMIT PU*SY BOY

35p per minute

0909 864 1065

(Call cost 35p per minute + network access charges apply)

Best W*nk YOU'LL EVER HAVE

40+ Nympho MILFs Welcome Everyone

Call 0909 864 1027

(Call cost 35p per minute + network access charges apply)

35p Cheap Phone Sex

SPEEDY DIRTY SEX 0909 864 1225

(Call cost 35p per minute + network access charges apply)

Text Filthy Girls for Dirty Sex / Naked Pics : 07441 915 094

84 YR OLD GRANNY WELCOMES ANY C*CK SHE CAN GET

GRANNY FR*GGS HER TIRED OLD C*NT JUST WAITING FOR MEN WHO NEED A F*CK

0982 505 1491

(Call cost 35p per minute + network access charges apply)

0908 145 0514 - Kinky Sex NO Taboos - Unimaginable Filth
0908 145 0529 - Young Teens 18+ Smooth Fannys and Tight Slits
0908 145 3042 - Roleplay - Extreme Filth Your Secret Is Safe
0908 145 3047 - Horny Step-mum Is Grateful For Any D*ck She Gets
0908 145 3054 - Strap On Insertion - Get Pounded Really Hard
0908 145 3061 - Grannys Need A Good Screw - All Takers Very Welcome
0908 145 3063 - Pu*sy Boy - Cock & Ball Torture - Submit To Your Mistress
0908 145 3042 - C*ck & Ball Punishment - Submit NOW Pu*sy Boy
0908 145 3072 - Horny Black Girls - Fill Their Black Ripe Holes
0908 145 3085 - Ladyboys Want Deep Penetration - Lubed Or Dry
0908 145 3097 - Horny Grandmother Will Make You Shoot Your Load
0908 145 3061 - 40+ MILFS Sexually Ripe - Just Gagging For SEX 24/7
0908 145 3063 - Mistress Gives Pure Humiliation Obey Your Mistress
0908 145 0514 - Granny Loves Sex, Dirty Old Birds Spread Wide
0908 145 3097 - Thai Sluts Stretch Their Tiny Holes For You
0908 145 3047 - Fetish F*ck Mates - Totally Hardcore
0908 145 3085 - 50 Plus Get Screwed By Willing Nympho MILFs
0908 145 0529 - Shocking Lesbians Who Enjoy Being Drilled In Every Hole

(Call cost 45p per minute + network access charges apply)

Horny Girls Just Want to Get Dirty With You text: 07441 915 094

This Service is provided by LiveLines UK Ltd. 0909 864 & 0982 Calls cost 35p per minute + network access charges apply. 0908 Calls cost 45p per minute + network access charges apply. 0909 466 Calls cost 65p per minute + network access charges apply. Calls are recorded. Helpline: 0333 200 2321. Must be 18+ and have the bill payers permission. PO6538 NN2 7YN. Mobile users may receive free promotional messages, call 0333 200 2321 to opt out of these. Payments@livelinesuk.com.